BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY, 1951 TWO SHILLINGS

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both chose versatile rayon

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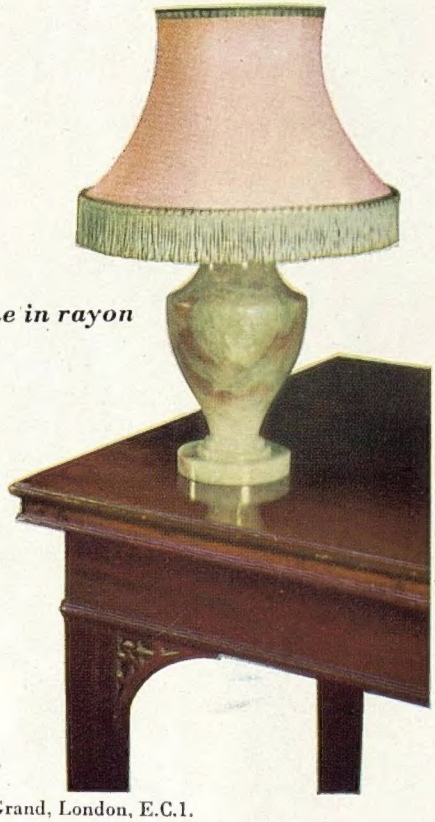

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 42 No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1951

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CONTENTS

Cover Design

by *Camera Clix*

Articles

The British Sunday
by *Guy Livingston* 13 and 62

John Bull's Winter Colony
by *Gordon Beckles* 14–15 and 64

Deep Sea Year
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 70

Sea Wolves of the Far East
by *C. Fox Smith* 20 and 64

A Tuscan Idyll
Written
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24 and 76

Fashions In Furniture—1851
by *Lilian M. Eason*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 25 and 56

Rumbles From The Rock
by *Harry J. Greenwall*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 28 and 58

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 32 and 76

Home Section

February Warm Up 33
Run Them Up Yourself 34
Two Ways About It 35
Madam This Is You 36
The Trinket Touch 37
1951 Furniture 38–39
Nitwits' Guide to Electricity 40
Rescue Work for Rugs 41
Ceramics 42–43

Knitting :
The Filled Neckline 44 and 68
Pram Cover 44 and 68

The Coats of the Moment 45

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
At The Root Of It 46 and 68
Preparing for a Manicure 46–47
Skin Cleansers 47

Money On The Side 48 and 66

Curve Control 49

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Good Cooking From Tins 50–51
Rich and Warming 51 and 68
Dish Of The Month 50

Boy or Girl?
by *Dr. Rose May, M.D.* 52 and 72

Sizing You Up 55

Stories

Man Alive !
by *Trevor Allen*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Wynne* 9–12 and 66

Gangway For Joe Verdock
by *Davis Fitzhugh*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 17–19 and 61

Acted Off Stage
by *Breton Amis*
Illustration
by *Frank Lee* 26–27 and 56

You've Got To Put On A Show
by *Day Russell*
Illustrations
by *Thornton Jones* 29–31 and 72

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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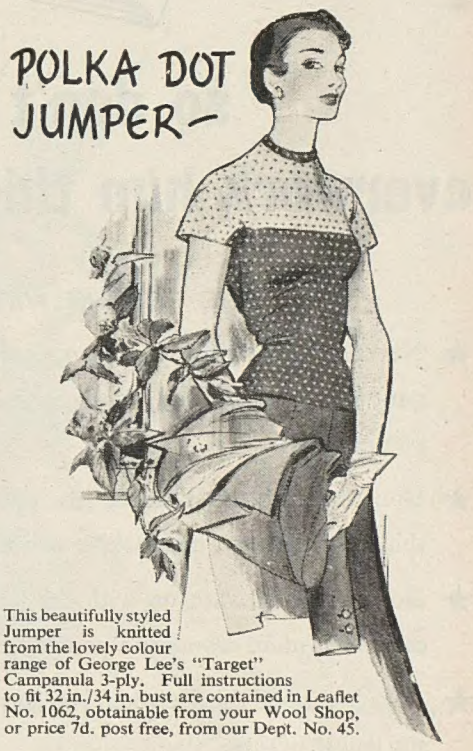

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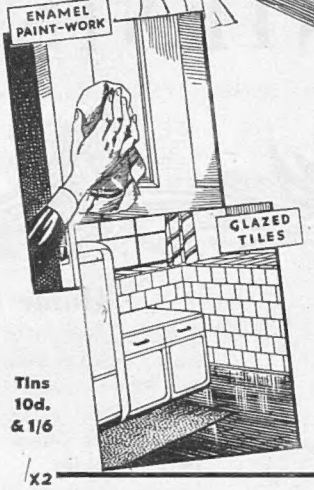

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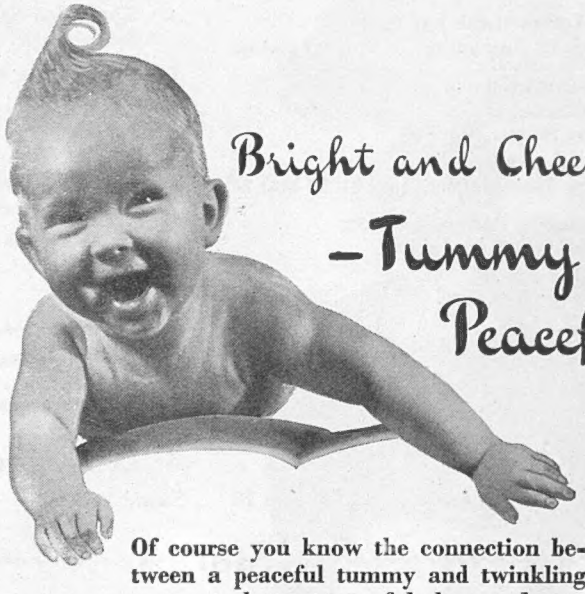

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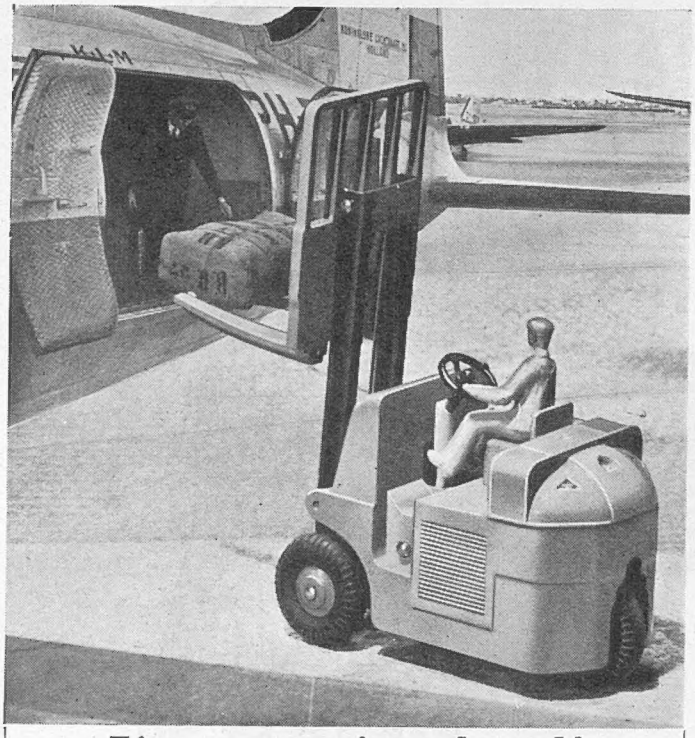

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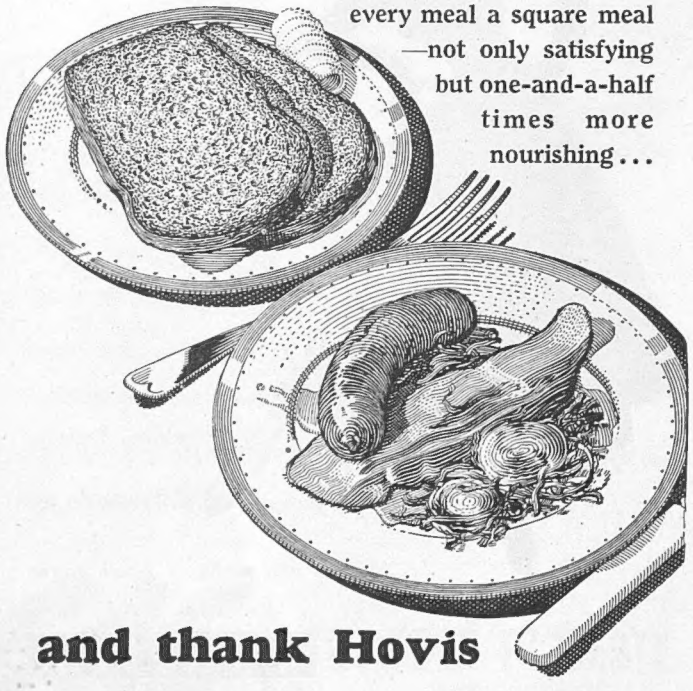

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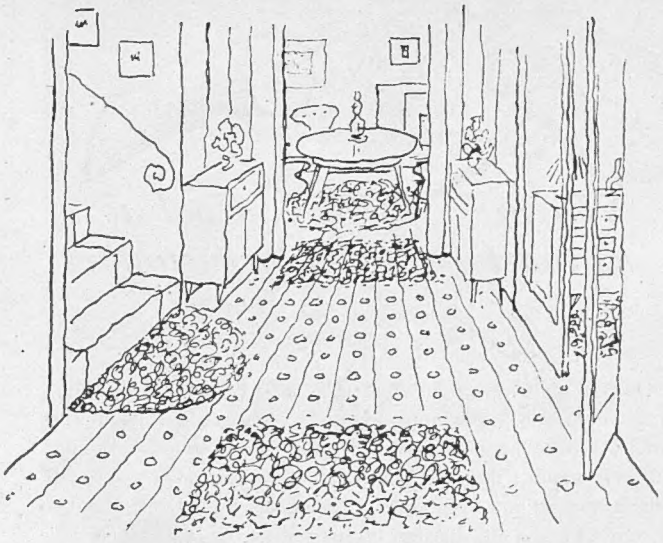

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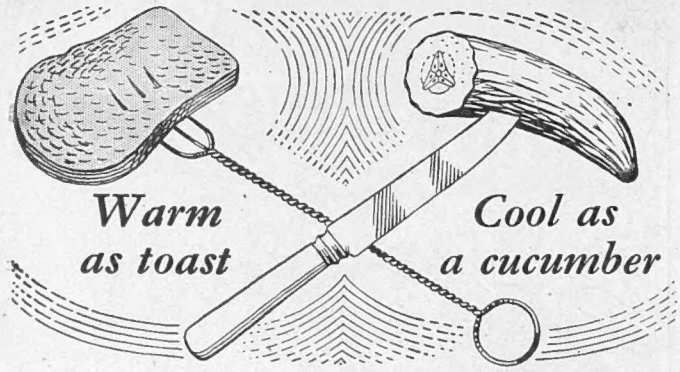

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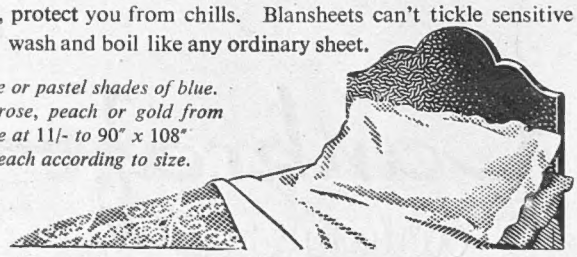

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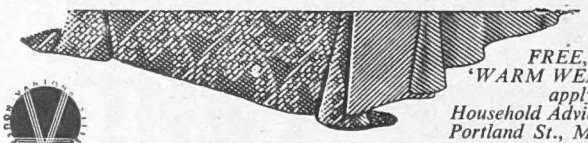

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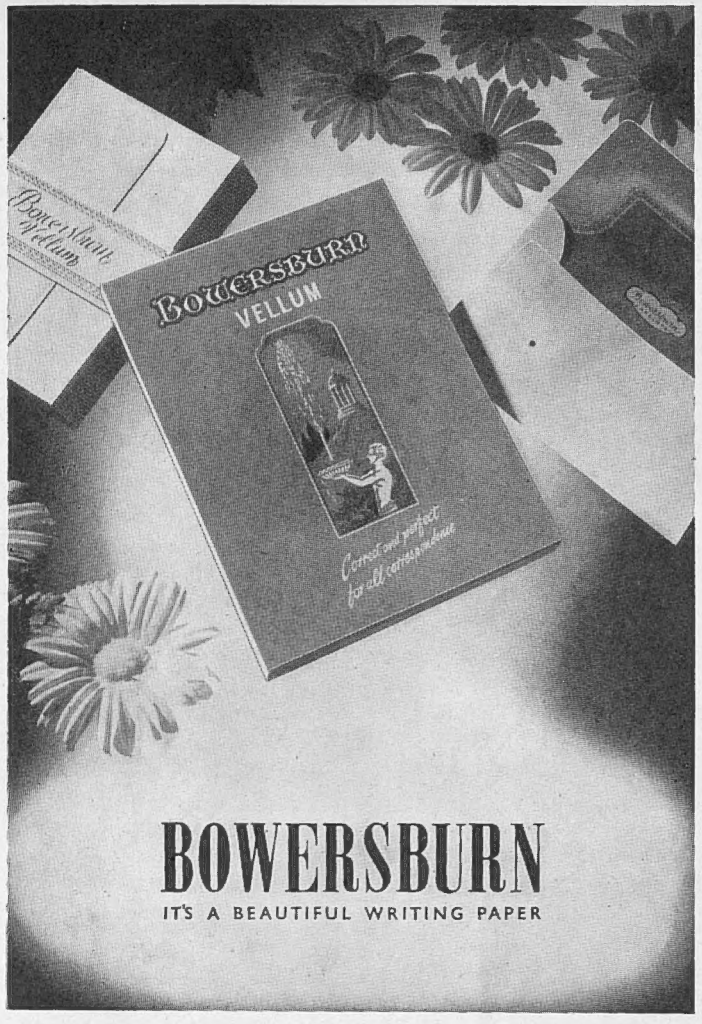

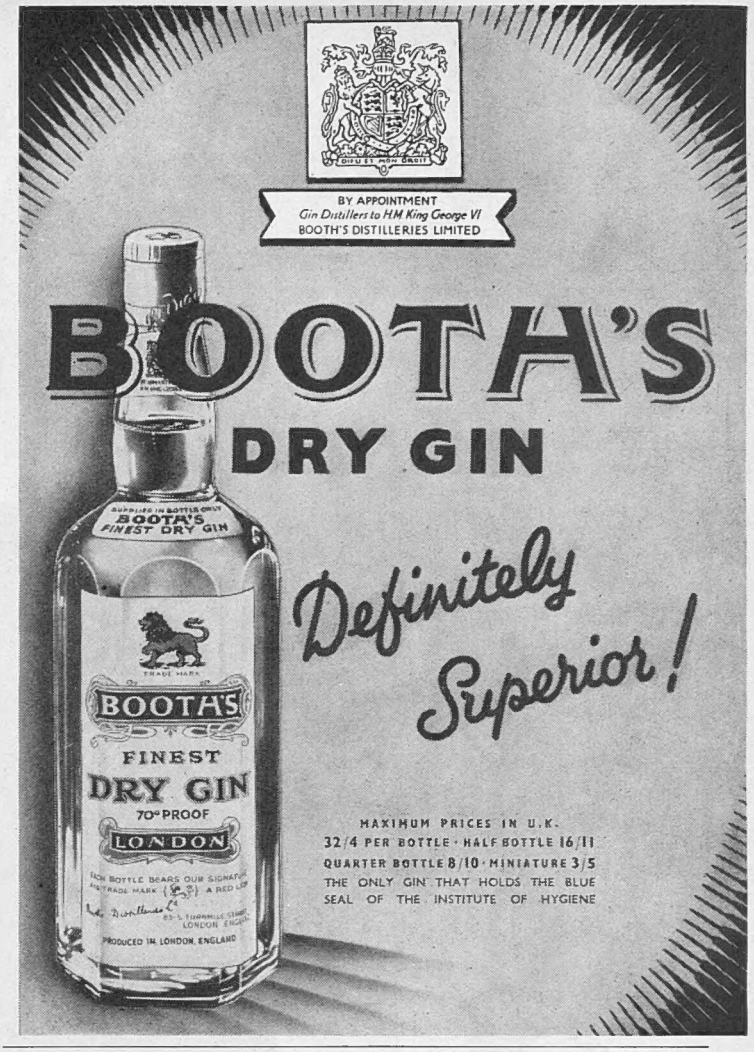

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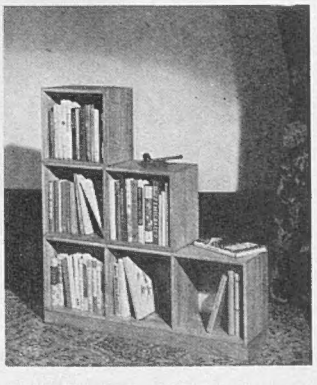

Right: **UNIX** *in solid oak—one, two and three units with base, 32 in. long by 35 in. high. Shelf height 10 in. Light, medium or dark. This typical arrangement costs £11.10.0. open-fronted, £13.10.0 glass fronted (Single unit open). Five lengths in all, two sizes—standard and large.*

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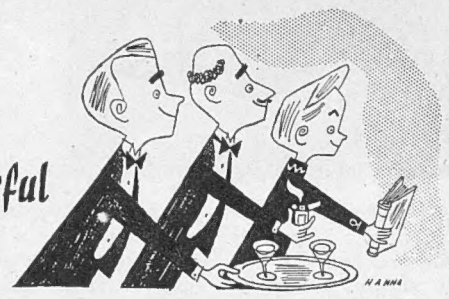

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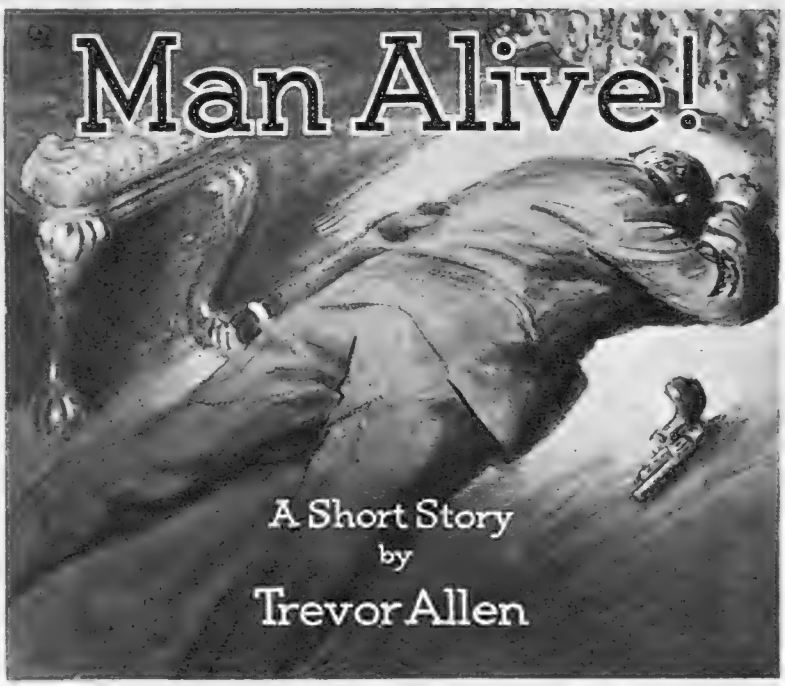
KAYSER BONDOR

When we returned to our table I watched the other two on a banquette the opposite side of the dance-floor as closely as I could in the dim, soft lighting.



HE danced past us in the Golden Tortoise one night, and over the blonde head of his partner I saw : a man long dead. *Those are his eyes,* I thought. *Unmistakably.* The shock was such that, momentarily, I relaxed my hold on Rosa and stopped : a most ungallant thing to do in the middle of a dance with a woman like Rosa, looking so ravishing in a tight-fitting gown.

" What 's wrong ? " she asked. " Are you tired ? "

" Oh, no," I replied. " I—I 've just seen a ghost . . ." and picked up the step again.

When the band stopped and we returned to our table, I watched the other two on a banquette the opposite side of the dance-floor as closely as I could in the soft, dim lighting which made the Golden Tortoise such a romantic night haunt. I was so preoccupied, so inwardly stunned, that I forgot to fill Rosa's glass ; just sat there, staring. Then I felt her eyes on me. There was an amused glint in them. She smiled.

" If you can take your eyes off that *blonde* for a moment," she said, with an acute slant only a brunette can give the word, " perhaps you 'd like to pour me a drink."

" Oh . . . sorry, Rosa." I came to with a jerk and reached for the champagne. " It wasn't her, as a matter of fact. It was the fellow. But what do you make of her ? "

" Why do you ask ? "

" For a special reason. But not a personal one."

Rosa studied the blonde across her glass, sipping.

" Attractive, in a synthetic way. Showgirl type. Wears her frock as if it had just come off the peg. Jewellery ditto. Not out of the top drawer, but she wouldn't know. A hired piece, if you get me."

I couldn't help smiling. Rosa was good at hitting people off. Perhaps because she was equally merciless to herself.

" Just the sort he 'd choose," I said, half to myself. " Always partial to the actress-type. Ran one or two in every capital where he did business. That was half his trouble."

" His ? *Who ?* "

" Take a good look at him. Does he remind you of anyone ? Any famous figure ? "

Rosa looked.

" No . . . only he doesn't look English."

" Scandinavian ? "

" Possibly. . . . Or German . . ."

" No, Swedish," I insisted. " International financier. Shot himself in Paris in the '30's. Don't you remember ? It was the sensation of the year ! "

Rosa glanced darkly at me as if wondering, What 's biting him ? Her smile implied : Poor man, has he gone suddenly *crackers* ?

" You can't mean the man who was all over the papers, the man you—— ? "

" None other," I said, lowering my voice. " Kreuger—Ivar Kreuger. Don't you remember his photographs ? There were several in that book I wrote about him. I slipped over to Stockholm immediately the news broke, hunted out everyone who knew him, and got his life-story."

Rosa lifted her glass again. I was too excited to trouble about mine. Champagne was flat and uninteresting compared with this unbelievable encounter.

" Look at him ! " I went on. " Same tall build. Same sort of heavy features, with the thick lips, if you allow for changes in the years between. But the eyes ! It 's the eyes that get me, Rosa. I never knew him, but there was one photograph where he was side-glancing shrewdly at the camera. They were cold, almost sub-human, more like fish-eyes or a snake's—uncanny. I thought at the time : there you see the financial crook, the swindler who rigged balance-sheets

I just exploded into my glass and spilled half the precious contents—I couldn't help it. There was champagne over my shirt-front and trickling down my dinner-jacket. While I groped for my handkerchief, Rosa, the she-devil, just went on smiling

and bonds and sank millions of investors' money in one of the worse stock-market crashes in history. I 've never forgotten them. They made me wonder why slick business men in two continents ever trusted him. I 've seen eyes like them in no other man . . . until, a few minutes ago when we were dancing . . . and now, over there ! "

The band started a tango. Rosa said, " Shall we dance, you crazy coot ? " but I said, " No, I want to sit here and watch." " Very well," she said, " but the man you 're babbling about shot himself in Paris, didn't he ? He 's been over ten years dead."

" Maybe," I said, " and maybe not. There was a story I had to deal with in writing that life. A certain amount of mystery surrounded his death. News of it was held up as long as possible because of its effects on the stock markets. The body was embalmed and taken home for cremation."

" So what ? " Rosa, I could see, was itching to dance.

" Nothing . . . except the rumours that the suicide was a fake, the funeral a hoax, and the cremation just a blind to ensure that there could be no exhumation in case of later enquiries ! "

" But I thought you said the *body*—— ? "

" Yes, but *whose ?* " I challenged. " Why not a substitute ? He 'd faked in life, so why not in death, with all his power and resources ? Suppose he hadn't committed suicide, but staged it and vanished in disguise, leaving others to clear up the mess, while he lived incognito on money salted away—say, in South America or somewhere like that ? That was the story. Several papers ran it."

I COULD see now that Rosa, watching the other two on the dance floor, was faintly interested. She still regarded me as a lunatic at large, but was disposed to humour me.

" Oh, but these rumours always crop up in a case like his," she said, " as if things happened in real life as they do in Cheyney thrillers."

" The funny thing is, they sometimes *do*," I reminded her. " There *had* been actual cases of the kind, and they were quoted to support the fake-suicide theory."

I had to admit, of course, that they concerned more obscure people. Deception would not be so easy with an international figure like Kreuger. Besides, there was the testimony of those who saw the body in the Paris apartment : his woman secretary, a close friend and fellow-director, who was called to the scene, the French doctor who had been summoned, the superintendent of police, the embalmer, the undertaker, and the Consul-General. All testified that the dead man was Kreuger, and that he had been shot through the heart. The Maire of the Arrondissement issued a certificate of death in the ordinary course.

Yet in the intervening years I had never forgotten the story. It stuck in the back of my mind. I remembered that hard-headed business men with whom I had discussed the financier in his native city, where his vast business had been launched, were half-inclined to believe that he was still alive. A woman who had once been a close friend said : " Why did none of his relatives go to Paris to view the body ? Why wasn't the coffin opened for them before the cremation ? The whole thing is a mystery."

It all came back to me in moments of day-dreaming. And who does not day-dream ? Life would be a bare deal if we had to live only on realities ; but no one does. The football fan, though he totter with rheumatism and ache with lumbago, sees himself smashing through the defence and scoring the winning goal in the last minute of a Cup Final while the crowd roars and shouts his name. The mill or

office girl at the cinema sees herself, by a sudden miraculous twist of circumstance, as a Hollywood star. Some dream of saving the lives of royalty. The Queen or Princess steps from her car on a formal visit. A maniac rushes forward with a gun. Mr. Smith of Surbiton happens to be on the spot. He springs forward, floors the attacker in the nick of time, and his chivalrous deed hits the headlines: he is a national hero. That's how he sees it, strolling down his suburban road with the dog or on his way home from the evening train. I had always been interested in this day-dreaming. Its psychology intrigued me . . .

"Rosa," I said, breaking into her reverie—the silence that comes to us at times, even in a night-club—"what's your particular day-dream?"

"You mean, now?"

"No. Any time. What you dream about most."

She took a cigarette from the case on the table. I lit it for her.

"Oh . . . well . . . I've married a title. I've got a lovely house in the country, with horses and dogs, central heating, big open fireplaces. I'm the lady of the manor, with all the clothes I want and no worry about the future. My husband belongs to an old family. He loves me, but leaves me plenty of freedom. We have a good staff and give nice dinner-parties to the best county people around . . ."

"Fine!" I said.

"And instead of that, where am I?" she laughed. "In a Mayfair night joint with a crazy journalist who's talking a lot of hooey about someone who died years ago, and doesn't even want to dance!"

"Poor you!" I laughed. "But it's interesting—the dream we all hug, so different from the reality. Ever since the Kreuger affair mine has always been that he'd turn up one day; I'd recognise him, and get the scoop of the century. *The Man Who Found Kreuger!*"

I gazed across at the other two, who were now back on their banquette, talking, smiling, with their heads close together.

"And now it's happened! Don't you see? He's over there, facing us—the Match King, whom the world thought dead!"

"Dropped by Providence right at your feet, in your favourite night-club!" she mocked, not unkindly.

"It's where you'd expect to find him if he came to London," I said. "He knew all the swell night haunts of the Continent and New York—did most of his business entertaining in them, and provided the partners, good-time showgirls. He's still the same Kreuger."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"Dance! I've got an idea . . ."

"Well, that's something anyway."

The band was starting a slow foxtrot. The other two had taken the floor. I steered Rosa close up to them, and said, almost in his ear, clearly, but not loudly, "Skuggan"—the name of Kreuger's house outside Stockholm. Did he start? I couldn't be sure, but he glanced at me, and for a few moments stopped talking to the blonde girl. Again I murmured "Skuggan" as if it were a password. "Skuggan," Rosa repeated, highly amused. He glanced at us again, with a sort of cold curiosity. Rosa was laughing to herself now. It made the dance quite entertaining.

WHEN we regained our table, I said: "Do you mind? I want to go and have a word with Felix." Felix, who ran the Golden Tortoise, was friendly to me, for he knew that writers helped to popularise his place and get it into the gossip. I found him in his office off the foyer, and asked him about the fellow with the blonde.

"Foreigner," he said, "though he speaks good English. Rings up from the Continental to reserve a table. Name? Gomez. South American, I should think. That's about all I know. He hasn't been coming here more than a week."

"Can I use your 'phone?" I asked.

"Go ahead."

I knew everyone at the Continental—

receptionists, *maître*, manager. It was where all the star visitors stayed, and I was frequently in there for interview stories, lunching and dining. I got Wills, the reception clerk, and asked him about Gomez, explaining: "I think there may be a story in him." All he could tell me was that he 'd landed from Buenos Aires a week ago, booked for two weeks, and seemed to have plenty of money. No, they 'd never seen him before, knew nothing about him. Business? No, evidently just a private visit. Going on to the Riviera, he thought. Or was it Spain?

So now what, I asked myself, going back to my table. South American, my foot! He was dark, yes, but if he was South American, then I was an Indian princess with a wooden leg. But what the heck do you do when you 've met an international crook who shot himself dead in Paris years ago? The Yard, of course, could put the rule over him, check up with Buenos Aires, do quite a lot of things outside my scope. But imagine going to those wry, sceptical fellows at the Yard with a yarn like that! They would just look at you and wonder why you didn't mix more water with it. Besides, that might be giving the story away to the Press Room hawks hanging around waiting to be tipped off by "inside sources," always inclined to be in an indulgent mood to fellows who never forgot the credits when a big story blew up: "The case is in the expert hands of Detective-Inspector Youknow, the famous . . . assisted by Detective-Sergeant Whosit, who distinguished himself in the . . ." No. Let me break the story first and the Scotland Yard boys could do what they liked with it afterwards.

I had plenty of time to think it over, because Rosa had left the table, presumably to powder her pretty nose. The blonde and her South American—my foot!—were out of the room, too, and I wondered for a moment if they had left, then saw by their table that they were obviously coming back. Presently Rosa came in from the Cloaks, and she was talking brightly with the blonde. You know how women talk when they 've just met in the Cloaks. Wonderful place for breaking the ice, the Cloaks. You see women go in there complete strangers and emerge as if they had known each other since Roedean. There must be something very thawing about the ladies' Cloaks which doesn't apply to the Gent's . . .

Rosa brought her to the table. I just had time to notice what a contrasting pair they made, like the dogs in the whisky advertisement, before I sprang to my feet, always the perfect gentleman, and Rosa was introducing me.

"I was just saying," she explained, "that you 're sure you met this lady's partner in Paris years ago. In fact, I 've really been apologising to her for the way you 've been staring!"

I passed the note to Rosa with a triumphant "Read that!" When she had read it, she murmured: "I.K.? I.K. . . .?"

Rosa's cool cheek staggered me for the moment. What the deuce did she mean, butting in like this? She might upset the whole business. Quick work, though, all the same.

"Oh, yes," I said, rather confused. "In Paris. In the '30's, before the war—unless I 'm mistaken."

At that moment he came in from his little excursion. The blonde beckoned him, he strolled across to our table, and there were more introductions. The blonde explained about Paris. He looked puzzled and said in clipped English: "I—do not—remember. But of course I have been there. I travel much, always."

It was disturbing for me, standing face to face with him. My hunch was stronger than ever. The accent. Those eyes. . . . Everything about him. It was psychic, the feeling I had that he was Kreuger. Rosa relieved the tension by saying: "Won't you sit down and have a drink?" The blonde said "Thanks!" and draped herself on the banquette beside Rosa. He perched next to his partner, I next to Rosa, so there we were in a row wondering what to say next. Except Rosa. While I called the waiter to bring another bottle and extra glasses, she prattled away about Paris, and how you always met people there but couldn't be sure when you met them again afterwards because it wasn't Paris and people looked different in Paris, *la ville lumière*, which gave them a special magic. (*Continued on page* 66)

The British Sunday

By Guy Livingston

WHEN Parliament vetoed, by 389 votes to 134, the proposal for the Sunday opening of the Festival Fun Fair, it plumped down decisively on the side of the angels. But three to one against Sunday dodgem cars and bearded ladies seemed a surprisingly big majority, and he would be a bold man who would say that such a vote reflects this country's general feeling about the Sabbath.

The British Sunday remains a strange and paradoxical institution. Part pagan and part puritanical, in the matter of what it permits and does not permit, it sometimes seems, as it were, to strain at the gnat and swallow the camel. But behind its contradictions and anomalies there are at least the good intentions of our forefathers that it should be a day of worship and a day of rest.

That Sunday should also be a day of healthful recreation was an idea that came later. And these two views about it have for the last century or so conflicted, to the puzzlement of the ordinary citizen who sees existing side by side the Lord's Day Observance Society (founded in 1831), and the National Sunday League (founded in 1855), and hears their simultaneous claims for strict Sabbath observance and reasonable Sunday relaxation.

Any fine summer week-end, with its nose-to-tail traffic, its crowded beaches, its countryside picnic parties (or a wet week-end with its packed cinemas) will demonstrate that Sunday in Britain is now a pretty free-and-easy day. But Sunday pleasure-seekers, beware; there are still some survivals from the old Sunday Observance and kindred Acts which make your apparently harmless Sunday activities illegal.

"Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon." Trippers on a Thames steamer at Teddington. (*On left*) Hiking through the countryside is a popular Sunday recreation

REMEMBER the popular song of a year or so back, "Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon"? A reminder of a mighty pleasant occupation, and seemingly about as innocent as sitting in a deckchair in your back garden. But unless you are on the Thames, have a J.P.'s permission elsewhere or are "under extraordinary occasion," you are committing an offence and can be fined five shillings.

You are technically breaking the law, too, by not going to church on Sunday; by engaging in sports and pastimes outside your own parish; by playing billiards and bagatelle publicly; by killing hares, pheasants, partridges and other birds.

The same sort of thing applies to Sunday workers. You may not sit on that day as a member of a court or public body; as a juryman you cannot give your verdict; as a tradesman, artificer or workman (barbers, farmers and professional men are excepted), you cannot perform your normal job.

But within this general veto there are slight modifications which allow some tradesmen to function in a limited way. Thus bakers may prepare dough but not bake it; butchers may dress meat but not kill it; dairymen may sell milk but not between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. For many retailers, indeed, the complicated Sunday laws are a constant stumbling-block. In a recent year, there were 30,000 convictions for illegal Sunday trading.

All this suggests that the sooner our outdated Sabbath laws (chief of which are the Sunday Observance Acts of 1677 and 1781) are tidied up or repealed the better. For instance, what of the statute that forbids actors to give public performances on Sundays in make-up or costume? Does not the television screen demonstrate every Sunday that the law's being flouted and that, in this respect, the law's an ass? And surely, if (*Continued on page* 62)

Sunday cyclists pause for a rest on Box Hill. (*In circle*). The motor car has made possible the summer picnic party. (*On left*). A Sunday summer scene of the beach at Margate

John Bull's

Curling in progress on the rink at Wengen in the Bernese Oberland

A GUIDE to Switzerland still to be found occasionally on second-hand bookstalls deals with Swiss sports in terse fashion.

The only one listed in my copy is "Wrestling."

This guide was published in 1880, on the very eve, as it happened, of one of John Bull's most genial ventures into seasonal "colonization."

What has happened since 1880 might be fancifully likened to the Swiss (having found surf-riding in the English Channel to be a dangerous sport) moving over in tens of thousands to the Thanet coast—bringing with them their own clubs, sporting rules, churches and way of living—and generally behaving as if that part of England belonged to them

And should a mayor of Margate want, say, a new promenade, there might even be a storm of protest in a Zurich paper, comparable to that in *The Times* recently, when the Swiss proposed to run a funicular up the Matterhorn.

Let us look at the background of this annual Winter Sports phenomenon which sets itself up almost overnight around each New Year, and melts away with the snows.

I have been in St. Moritz in the first week of December and found it an almost empty Alpine village; three weeks later it had become a bustling city in miniature. And upwards of 100,000 "emigrants" from Britain alone, in a good year, have assisted in such transformations.

NOW, in the first place, why Switzerland? It is not the only snowbound country in Europe; and, as you will see, the English had to teach the Swiss ski-ing. It probably all started rather early in the last century when the English developed an interest in mountains. It was part of the romantic movement. Before that the Constable country was the English ideal; and Dr. Johnson had deplored the sterile vulgarity of mountains. But here was Rousseau crying for "torrents, rocks, pines, dark woods, mountains, rough paths and frightful precipices."

As this change in taste coincided with the coming of railways, and as Switzerland was a sort of Clapham Junction for the countries of Europe, the commercial sense of the Swiss was excited. Soon tourists in search of picture-postcard scenery found clean and honest hotels; and the model tourist industry of the world began to grow.

But it was the spring and summer that attracted the visitors; when winter came the little country wrapped itself up until once again the wild Alpine flowers bloomed. If you could afford to get away from England's fogs and chills for the winter, you went to Menton, Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo.

Some time in the eighties a Norwegian called Herr Eger arrived in Switzerland with a pair of Scandinavian skis. His form of locomotion was scarcely new; it had enjoyed popularity among peasantry in Austria and parts of Germany, but was not familiar to the Swiss.

The ski was also known in England. It is mentioned in *Lorna Doone*, there is reference to it being used around Dartmoor over three hundred years ago and in 1904 a man wrote to the papers saying that, when he was a boy, he went to school in the winter on "skees," and that they were used by the Weardale miners.

Soon the sport promised by ski-ing began to interest the athletic Englishman. A certain Mr. Knoker introduced ski-ing to Meiringen in 1890, and a Colonel Richardson, destined to become the "father of English ski-ing," arrived on the scene, having learned the sport in Norway.

"The boys of Davos," he has written of those early days "used to come out and watch us practising. But it was a long time before it occurred to them that they might try a hand at the game themselves. Eventually some of them got barrel-staves, or something, and joined in the fun. We taught them the elements of ski-ing, and got up competitions for them."

Several of these youngsters became crack professionals—and taught other English people!

Then there was the Case of the Ski-ing Novelist's Prophesy.

(*On left*) Lord Brabazon of Tara, President of Cresta Club, approaching Battledore on the Cresta Run. He is a three-times winner of the coveted Curzon Cup

(*Below*) A busy scene at Wengen in the Bernese Oberland. Skiers about to board the mountain railway train which will take them to the higher slopes

In 1894 that burly athlete Arthur Conan Doyle had found the young sport, and he became the first Englishman to carry out a full day's tour on ski, going from Davos to Arosa. He wrote an article for the *Strand Magazine* all about his adventure, exaggerating, of course, the steepness of slopes.

"You come to a hard ice-slope at an angle of seventy-five degrees and you zig-zag up it, and feel that if a mosquito settles on you, you are gone."

And Doyle prophesied a great future for the new sport.

The great propagandist of the new sport, Mr. Arnold Lunn, began to ski in 1898.

"About four or five Englishmen at Chamonix skied, but I cannot remember seeing any of the natives do so," he says, "except our instructor—and he regarded his ski with obvious distaste and terror. Somebody asked him if it was possible to turn, and he replied in the negative but thought it possible to do a long gradual turn if one dragged oneself round on the pole."

Winter Colony

The English Have Justice On Their Side In Claiming That "Winter Sports" Was Basically Their Invention

By Gordon Beckles

So perhaps the English have justice on their side in claiming that "Winter Sports" was basically their invention!

SOON the tourist industry of Switzerland had suffered a change in its calendar. It anticipated a similar one which came over the French Riviera in the twenties. Few natives there ever dreamed of exposing their bodies to sun or sea-water; but, when they learned that the Venetian hoteliers were exploiting their Lido for bathing, the picture altered. The Riviera was transformed into the ideal summer seaside coast (which, as far as bathing goes, it is not). Hotels which had only opened between October and May now kept their doors open in the summer.

While Switzerland's summers attracted the travel bureau "trippers," it was now the winter that drew the wealthy patrons to Davos, Wengen, St. Moritz, Zermatt and Murren for ski-ing, bob-sleighing and skating.

By the time the first World War arrived, John Bull's colony was well established as a place where you could have all the thrills and risks of the hunting-field in an invigorating climate. Bob-sleighing was almost guaranteed to be dangerous, while you could risk life and limb very satisfactorily at ski-ing. Between 1897 (the date of the first ski-ing accident) and 1919 there were 121 skiers killed.

"Lugeing," "toboganning," "bob-sleighing"—there were many members of this family, but they all involve sliding down hills at as violent a rate as possible. The great Cresta Run at St. Moritz takes you three-quarters of (*Continued on page* 64)

British schoolboys at Murren, one of the leading Swiss ski resorts, learning to ski the right way at the right age, under the tuition of an expert instructor of the Swiss National Ski Club

Deep Sea Year

Many Explorations Are Projected This Year To Make Sea-Bed Surveys With Underwater Craft

By Ferdinand Tuohy

FROM the glacial pinnacles of science whence they allure atomic particles and chase the cosmic ray, to the inky depths of science, where they aspire to penetrate watery depths unknown and measure the cosmic ray.

Over one-third of the world's surface is covered by sea more than 13,000 feet deep, and if this enormous expanse remains the next thing to unexplored, nothing whatever is known about the organisms which may live below 26,000 feet and down to the supposed greatest depths, around 33,000 feet (approximately six miles down, or one mile more than Everest is up).

There is no need for me to run away with visions of an ocean-bed revealed. Man is newly interested, and if he is so one can point to two reasons. First, scientists are coming off their laboratory stools and making themselves intelligible to the ordinary being. They are opening up a realm which contains much that can turn the mind from the troubles and monotony of everyday life. Second, we are constantly being told that our inventiveness has outrun the rest of us. Very well, the ocean provides a peaceful field in which to put the matter to the test.

Professor Piccard's bathyscaph on board the *Scaldis* being examined prior to its journey to Dakar, where it failed to fulfil the professor's intentions to go, together with Professor Max Cosyns, down in the sea to a depth of 1,300 feet. The French Navy at Toulon has now taken over the bathyscaph and will attempt some deep-sea exploration in the Mediterranean during this spring or early summer. Professors Piccard and Cosyns will attend as advisers prior to these experiments. (*On left*) Professor Piccard explains the interior intricacies of his bathyscaph to his wife

Can man invent a means of revealing something—even traces—of what goes on thousands of fathoms deep—hundreds, for that matter, better recommence more modestly? That was where Professor Piccard erred two years ago, off Dakar, when he sought to go down 13,000 feet in his untried bathyscaph. The science of bathymetry is far from new, but mixing it up with the "scaph" (*scaphandrier :* diver) was new, and the globe and pendency put together at Antwerp were proved by the event to have been more suited to a sheltered loch than to the Atlantic, even a calmly swelling corner of it during one selected September week.

The tall and willowy Swiss, who professes at Brussels, had hoped to go down with his faithful pupil, Professor Max Cosyns, now the much debated head of Belgian atomic science. I met them both in Brussels in May of 1932, just after they'd come down in the Dolomites from their pioneering chase in the stratosphere after cosmic rays. Chance had me waiting for Piccard, in his drawing-room, when he returned to his family, and he gave me a chit to young Cosyns in a near-by laboratory. Anyway, neither went down off Dakar. In fact, no one went down at all. All the instruments, all the gear to lower the sphere to a believed non-mountainous bottom, and (much more tricky) to manœuvre it back to the surface, to observe and record by vast candlepower while in the depths, to measure the strength of cosmic rays, to maintain contact with above—all this was never tried out because of difficulties of launching the globe over the side of the escort vessel. There was nearly a bad accident, and it became clear that the Piccard-Cosyns conception of launching was fundamentally wrong.

Now the French Navy at Toulon has taken over the bathyscaph and is fitting very strong floats to it, so that it may be towed to the chosen point of plunging, instead of being popped straight down over the side, as had been thought possible. Otherwise, it will be much the same bathyscaph and Professors Piccard and Cosyns are to attend as advisers prior to its departure for Mediterranean plunging this spring or early summer. The enterprise is backed by three Franco-Belgian bodies and will be piloted by the naval research ship *Elie Monnier* which helped off Dakar in 1948.

A good friend, "Didi" Dumas, is one of the ship's permanent staff and will be on the next adventure, as he was at the first. His job is to dive deep, as frogman breathing oxygen, and "stand by" the sphere on its preliminary sinking. The last I saw of him, he was off to film parts of a Roman wreck found fifty feet down (*Continued on page 70*)

Gangway For Joe Verdock

Who Thought Fame, Fortune And The Girl Were Within His Grasp

By Davis Fitzhugh

LIGHTS were blazing in most of the rooms.

The moon was out and you could see the staff house of Tropic Fruit Company sitting back a hundred yards from the dock, a big two-storey building with a screened veranda on the lower level and an open gallery above. A gravel path cut through shadows on the lawn and there was bougainvillaea climbing out of control over the gables —all very clear in the moonlight. To the rear were the banana groves.

In a dark corner on the screened veranda Joe Verdock sat in a deckchair eavesdropping on a conversation that came from an open window of the station superintendent's office. Joe was a small man, about thirty, with thin, sandy hair and glasses that rested primly on a sharp nose. His head was leaned against a cushion and his spindly legs extended from shorts that were sizes too big for him. The left side of his face was badly swollen and beginning to colour.

There were two voices. Joe Verdock, sitting in the dark, listened carefully.

"He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Hell no."

"He used to be, Borell. What happened?"

"He never was, Alex. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Sure, I knew Joe in New York, but we didn't get on. He's a schemer and a planner, Alex. A common sneak. He's had his eyes trained on me since the day we met."

"Now why would a little guy like that be falling for you?"

"Because of a girl we know. She's a secretary in our New York office. She's——"

"Suppose you skip the New York part and stick to what happened here at the station. You hit him, didn't you?"

"Yes. One time, as hard as I could."

"Why?"

"Because he opened a letter of mine from Helen."

"You sure about that?"

"Look, Alex, I came in a little early to-day. We finished the clearing job and I sent the bulldozers to the shed. There were three letters lying on my desk. The one from Helen was still damp and the flap was only half stuck. Joe had

THE loader paused long enough to shout to his companions, then dived into the water

steamed it open. Here—take a look for yourself. Look how the ink has run and the flap is all crinkly. The other two letters hadn't been touched."

There was a pause. Joe Verdock, reclining quietly in the deckchair, visualized the scene in the office. Borell, a giant in grease-stained trousers, his red hair cut like a tank sergeant's, would be handing the letter across the desk to Alex Wilson, station superintendent. Joe waited.

"Well, what do you think?" (Borell's voice again.)

"The letter's been damp at one time. That's evident. But that's no proof it was steamed open. You can't jump at conclusions, Borell. You can't just assume Joe did it."

"Alex, I know that guy. There's nothing he wouldn't do. Let me remind you of a few things. Remember when my new-ground crew had a bonus coming? And the papers were lost for weeks? Remember that rush order for parts? It left here boat mail instead of air mail. Remember all the cables back and forth? And last month when I made an error in addition on my report? Did Joe correct it for me? Hell no, he circled it in red and air mailed it to Thibault's office. He's out to bust me, Alex. He followed me down here. Maybe you won't believe it, but it's the truth—as soon as he heard about my promotion. I honestly believe Joe wanted me to hit him. He planned it that way. He kept needling me till he knew I'd swing."

"That's pretty far-fetched, Borell. You're twice his size."

"He's a martyr! Don't you get it? I'm a bully! He'll write Helen all about it. I lost my head, Alex. I'm sorry it happened. But the guy's driving me nuts. He's like a wasp up your pants."

"When did you hit him?"

"Right after supper. Didn't he give you all the details?"

"Joe hasn't said a word to me."

"You're kiddin'!"

"Not a word. I heard the cooks talking."

"Well I'll be damned. See what I mean, Alex? He's sly. He's tricky. And here I sit blabbing my head off——"

Joe, sitting in the deckchair scarcely ten yards away, had to smile. He felt a needle of pain in the left side of his face as he tiptoed to the screen door and left the porch.

Two minutes later he was in his office where he kept books for the banana plantation. He soaked a mail sack under a water tap, shook it out, and placed it on top of a pile of pouches in the corner. Then he sat down at his desk and wrote an inter-office memo:

To Station Superintendent:

Suggest purchase of new tarpaulin for mail launch. Some pouches are arriving wet after run down the river from Guayaquil.—J. V.

Joe left the memo face up on his desk. Soon, he guessed, Alex would come by the office looking for him and this mute evidence was more eloquent than anything he cared to say. He walked out into the dark and strolled across the lawn toward the docks.

Floodlights were on. Tied up at the dock was a string of barges loaded to the gunwale with bananas and covered over with a blanket of leaves. To-morrow the first full shipment from Tropic Station—twelve thousand stems—was scheduled to sail. The last of the loaders came up from a barge wiping away the sweat and preparing to leave. They were Ecuadorian Indians, most of them, recruits from the jungle and a few *cholos* from Guayaquil. A barefoot man stripped to the waist passed nearby under a light.

"*Buenas noches, patrón.*"

"*Buenas noches,*" said Joe.

He was alone on the dock.

Darkness and solitude. That combination held a strange fascination for Joe Verdock. He was ecstatically happy. He felt a wild, sensual intoxication, breathing the air of the black night. The Guayas flowed by in the moonlight sweeping toward the Pacific a few miles away. It was quiet except for the drip of water where bare mud cliffs oozed and sweated into the river. He paced back and forth between the pools of light on the deserted dock. Once he stopped abruptly to watch a half-grown tarantula climb slowly up a piling. He flicked a pellet of mud and the round, hairy body raced across the planks in a quick, eight-legged sprint.

Ecuador, he thought. *Equator Land.* Heart of the tropics. Jungles and mountains and sluggish coastal rivers. He spun around and looked about him. Fantastic nation. The banana grove behind the staff house glistened under the moon. Leaves bright as tinfoil. It was a hot night and the steaming acres stretched away in the distance. Banana country. Hot, rich soil. Ten-ton harvest to the acre if you cut twice a year. Land of opportunity. A man could make a killing if he used his head. He could come out of Ecuador rich and powerful. He could. . . . If he were smart, he could. . . .

His mind leaped into the night. He felt a dizzy self-intoxication. He was superior to them all. Better than Borell. Better than Alex. Better than the horticulturists, the engineers, the bulldozer experts. Everything was working according to plan. His plan. Joe Verdock against the world. He was guiding his destiny now. Swiftly. Surely. The little fellow they all laughed at. He'd show them.

Four months ago he had been nothing. A bookkeeper riding the subway. A little man with glasses who was pushed and shoved and trod upon. One eight-millionth part of New York City. Nothing. Nothing even under a microscope. No wonder Helen had turned him down. No wonder a man was bitter, resentful.

Now it was different. He had known all along that he was important. Smarter than most. After Helen had turned him down all he asked was a chance to work side by side with Big Red Borell. In the same camp. Helen would see the difference. The two of them together, side by side. Like the fable of the ox and the fox, if there were such a fable. He prepared himself. Books—he bought everything he could find on South America. He read and re-read. Worked with a pencil. Vegetable and Mineral Resources, Mahogany Export, Flora and Fauna of the Equator, Agricultural Engineering. Books. Knowledge. Power. Your modern pioneer didn't carry an axe into the wilderness. Sharp wits. That was enough.

Six weeks after he landed in Ecuador

he had shown them. Balsa wood. It was so simple and yet no one had thought of it. Line the holds of the ships with balsa wood. Superb insulation. Half the weight of cork and so easy to saw and nail into place. It had cut fruit spoilage nine per cent on the run to New York. He got a bonus for that, and a letter from Old Man Thibault. He was on his way up. Then vegetable ivory exporting, all on his own. *Tagua* nuts, carved by the natives into Gálapagos turtles, the good luck charms. They made a hit in New York. Money. They'd never stop Joe Verdock now. None of them. Not the whole world banded together.

His thoughts spiralled. He wanted to laugh aloud. He walked through the night like a man in a dream, down the dock, across the lawn, scarcely knowing where his feet carried him. In an upstairs room he saw the men playing poker by a window. Shirts stripped off, sitting bare-chested around a table. Adolescent fools.

Music. It came from the clubroom. He looked through a window. Borell was listening to Strauss on the gramophone. Red hair and wide shoulders. Two years spent in the groves and what did it get him? The stupid ox was lonely. Listening to Strauss and playing with a pet monkey. Joe stood in the dark watching him. A year and a half Borell had spent training that silly monkey. Colonel Collins, he called him. It was supposed to be a huge joke. The military cap and insignia. Teaching him to police up cigarette butts. Sweeping and polishing with a toy broom and cloth. Colonel, do this—do that. The men would fall out laughing as they shouted at him. Fools! Just a pack of junior grade fools!

Well, he had Borell on the ropes. The Mighty Borell. Making mistakes right and left now. Alex would have him on the carpet again and again. But Joe Verdock would go serenely ahead. Winning bonuses. Making money on the side. Waiting and waiting for the big opportunity, the big chance

(*Continued on page* 61)

JOE peeled off his shirt and stepped briskly before the crowd. There was a hush as he took the jar and unscrewed the lid. He turned it upside down against his flesh

Model of a Chinese pole junk from the National Maritime Museum

Sea Wolves of the Far East

By C. Fox Smith

THE voyager to the ports of the Far East in the mid-nineteenth century had many perils to contend with which, so far as other oceans were concerned, already belonged for the most part to a past age; seas still largely uncharted, and abounding in reefs, shoals and half-tide rocks, narrow and tortuous channels among groups of islets, savage and hostile inhabitants, and, last but not least, pirates. . . .

The Chinaman has always been, and still is, an inveterate pirate. Among the island groups, especially along the coasts of Fu-kien province and about the entrance to the Min River and the port of Foochow, piracy and fishing were formerly the interchangeable occupations of most of the inhabitants, a fact to which the pages of the *China Pilot*, for 1864, bear frequent witness. "Chim" (we read) "the highest island in the locality of the group known as the Eighteen Yits, rises to two peaks, one of which, 640 feet above the sea, has on it three chimneys, the usual pirate signal along the coast of the Fu-kien province." Again, "Flap Island . . . here were found six piratical junks plundering part of a convoy they had captured." And again, "the inhabitants (of the Hieshan group) are Fu-kien men (*and most likely pirates*)."

The craft engaged in piracy on the China coast were either junks of the type illustrated, lorches driven by heavy sweeps, or swarms of sampans such as are to be found in hundreds in all the harbours of China. Their armament was generally somewhat primitive, occasionally reinforced by firearms and even cannon looted from former victims; but they relied, then as now, mainly on sheer weight of numbers, and upon the use of the characteristic weapon, the stink-pot.

In more respects than one China has anticipated by many centuries the discoveries of the Occident. The mariner's compass, and the principle of watertight bulkheads, had been employed by Chinese navigators while shipbuilding and navigation in the West were still in their infancy; and to these must be added the earliest form of what we now term "chemical warfare."

Very often a fleet of what might otherwise be taken for harmless fishing junks might be sighted drawn up in some rocky cove on an island's lee. A close observation might detect a roundish object at the top of each of their masts, when the ship sighting the phenomenon, be she China clipper, opium trader or peaceful China merchant junk, would be well advised to give the vessels and their anchorage a wide berth. These round objects were the stink-pots which were the unmistakable sign of a pirate craft—earthenware vessels which could be run down on deck when required and thrown among the crew of the ship chosen for attack. The breaking of the earthenware released a choking cloud of sulphurous fumes, under cover of which the yelling hordes of pirates swarmed on board during the confusion caused by the gas attack.

OPIUM cargoes were especially attractive to the pirate community, and when the captain of the barque *Etienne*, with a consignment of the coveted commodity for Tientsin, was becalmed off Mirs Bay, a notorious pirates' rookery, and sighted through his glasses a number of craft on the beach with the ominous shapes at their mastheads, he (*Continued on page* 64)

[Reproduced from a coloured lithograph in the collection of the National Maritime Museum

The *Jolly Bachelor*, a small sailing vessel which comprised the naval force of Sarawak, in a brush with Malay pirates off the coast of Sarawak.

A Tuscan Idyll

The Romance of the beautiful Simonetta Cattaneo, who was portrayed by Botticelli in his famous picture as Venus presiding over the return of Spring, and Guiliano de' Medici.

Written by
ARNOLD WAREING.

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

As "Queen of Beauty," Simonetta eclipsed even Lucrezi Donati as "Queen of the Tourney"

WHAT glittering pageantry came to Florence when the brothers Lorenzo and Guiliano de' Medici held jousting tournaments in the Piazza Sta. Croce! Every roof, balcony and window was crowded with spectators, whose raiment glowed with the colours of banked flowers. The knights and scions of noble houses paraded with their standard-bearers, heralds, trumpeters, pages and men-at-arms. Lorenzo, the elder, would ride into the lists with diamond-studded shield, jewelled cap, velvet surcoat, cape of white silk, scarf embroidered with roses and pearls, gleaming helmet surmounted by three blue feathers.

A society beauty like Lucrezi Donati would reign as Queen of the Tourney, receiving homage from all the gallant men about her. The festivities concluded with processions, masques, classical tableaux in which lovely women posed as goddesses, chariot horses were caparisoned in the skins of lion, tiger or elephant. The Renaissance could display no greater splendour than this of the Medici tourneys, in an age that made a fine art of pageantry.

In 1475 one was held in Guiliano's special honour, and what young man of twenty-two could look nobler in his costly silver armour, mounted on a superb charger? A tall, fine figure with bright eyes, olive-dark skin, a shock of black hair thrust back on his neck, a lock straggling over the forehead to give character to the frank, boyish face, he was easily the more attractive of the brothers. Fearless rider in the chase,

Simonetta and Guiliano would wander together through the Tuscan countryside around Florence, where he would read her the poems he had written

skilled jouster, jumper and wrestler, he also loved pictures, music, all the beautiful creations of art, and wrote verse.

But the tournaments were always the chief pride of the Medicis, for they displayed masculine courage, fighting skill and horsemanship at their best in the lists, while the patrician ladies who watched from the gaily-decorated pavilions, inspiring the combatants, applauding the victors, represented the flower and fragrance of Florentine society. Magnificent indeed had been the spectacle two years previously when Leonora of Arragon, eldest daughter of King Ferrante of Naples, came on a ceremonial visit, staying at the Medici Palace several days. Lavishly the brothers entertained her, waiting on her in person, sparing neither pains nor expense to make the occasion memorable with a ceaseless round of banquets, dances, masques and horse races. The Florentines had never ceased talking of that royal visit and the gaiety it brought to the city. Now they were *en fête* again, and this time there was no distinguished visitor to share the honours with their own proud young Guiliano, ornament of a family which had made the State rich and prosperous and endowed it with all the blessings of art and culture.

For his prowess in the tournament he was awarded the prize. But looking on, as " Queen of Beauty " and eclipsing even Lucrezi as " Queen of the Tourney," was a far greater one : Simonetta Cattaneo, a Genoese girl of sixteen, whose pale, frail beauty had become almost a legend in the city. The poet Politian said she was so sweet and charming that all men praised her, no women spoke unkindly of her.

Guiliano loved her as he would a dream beyond his reach, past attaining. Together they would wander through the Tuscan countryside around Florence, talk in the silence of the hills, the peaceful valley of the Arno, among the herds and flocks, where he would read her the poems he had written. There was nothing gross in his love, for she was as delicate as she was fair, and but recently married to Marco Vespucci, son of a distinguished Florentine family. He found in her an ideal of beauty that inspired only noble thoughts, a spiritual affinity, a refuge from the artificialities of the Medici Court.

As " Queen of Beauty " she was saluted and celebrated by the Florentine poets, painted by Botticelli, who portrayed her in one of his famous pictures as Venus presiding over the return of Spring. But her spring, alas, was to be all too brief—and perhaps it was a premonition of this that kept Guiliano's love free of taint and her own immune from any breath of scandal, in a city noted for its intrigues and headstrong passions.

BY April the following year she had died of a rapid consumption, and both the brothers were stricken at the loss. The effect on Guiliano we can imagine from that on Lorenzo, who also cherished her, but not with Guiliano's ardent worship. He was at Pisa during her last illness. He sent his own physician to attend her and furnish daily bulletins to him by express messenger.

The final tragic bulletin came from a Florence stricken with mourning for the passing of so lovely and delicate a flower of beauty, and in language fitting the age and the occasion : " The blessed soul of Simonetta has departed into Paradise ; it may well be said that this is the second Triumph of Death, for verily, had you seen her, dead as she was, she would not have seemed to you less gentle and lovely than she was in life : *requiescat in pace.*"

When the news came of her death, we are told, Lorenzo went out into the serene spring night and, walking with a friend, spoke sadly of the lovely Simonetta. Suddenly he stopped to gaze at a star of unusual brilliance he had never noticed before. " See ! " he exclaimed. " Either the soul of that most gentle lady has been transformed into that new star, or it has been joined unto it ! "

But a star less propitious—one, indeed, of ill-omen—was to dog the unhappy Guiliano during the next two years. In Florence there was a rival family, the Pazzi, fiercely jealous of the Medici power and thirsting for vengeance. They plotted with Pope Sixtus IV. and his Riario nephews in Rome to murder the Medici brothers and make Girolamo Riario, the most evil of the family, head of the Florentine State.

Pope Sixtus, who had been born to a fisherman's calling and climbed to power through ruthless plot and intrigue, earned for himself an evil reputation. He was not only head of the Church, but of a rival state, and envious of the ever-growing strength of Florence under Medici rule. If he could overthrow that dominant family

by "liquidating" the brothers, he might virtually rule it himself through his hirelings and nominees. He was prepared to stop at nothing—not even the extreme of treachery and bloody revolution—to achieve this end. First, infiltration under the guise of innocent social visits, then the stab in the dark, the *coup d'état*. The Medici had no reason to suspect his sinister designs, so they would be taken off their guard.

Troops were sent to occupy key points on the frontier, ready to march in immediately the Medicis had been slain. Francesco Salviati, Archbishop-designate of Pisa, who had been promised the Archbishopric of Florence for his share in the conspiracy, went to the city with a mercenary soldier in the Pope's employ, one Montesecco, who was to play a leading part in the murder, and others implicated. The young Cardinal Rafaello Riario, the Pope's grand-nephew, went there, too, on presumably a friendly visit to Jacopo de' Pazzi, the head of his family, at his Fiesole villa close to the Medici one outside Florence, where the brothers were staying at the time.

SO the stage was cleverly set for a drama which would change the course of Florentine history. The first approach was a stealthy one: Rafaello, with the gloved hand of friendship, invited the brothers to a banquet, intending to poison them, but as Guiliano was too unwell to attend the plan had to be altered.

One can perceive the hand of providence in Guiliano's illness at the time, for the conspirators had to defer and shift their ground, and such a change, of course, is always frustrating and exasperating to men intent on a well-laid plot. Delay means hesitancy, and the possibility that some accident or indiscretion may lay the plot bare. Men committed to murder are usually impatient to get the deed over and done with—and gather the spoils. The next approach was one both of craft and audacity, as part of a plan which a Pope with any conscience should have been the first to condemn.

The Pazzi family, fiercely jealous of the Medici family, plotted in Rome with Pope Sixtus IV. to murder Guiliano and his brother Lorenzo

" Cardinal Rafaello," Lorenzo was told, " is specially anxious to see the treasures of the Medici palace." He accordingly invited Rafaello and his retinue to be his guests on the Sunday, when the Cardinal would be present at High Mass in the cathedral. After the mass they would all return to the palace for a midday banquet. As the brothers rose from the table they would be set on at a sign, and killed. That was the new plan.

But again Guiliano was unfit to attend the dinner, so once more it had to be switched. The murder would be perpetrated at the cathedral service instead, and the assassins make their escape in the confusion. The most favourable moment would be at the Elevation of the Host when the victims, bent forward with their heads down, were at their mercy.

" But that is sacrilege ! " the soldier Montesecco protested bluntly when the plan was explained. " I will have no part in it."

Neither persuasion nor threats could induce him to take life in such a place at such a moment, so the fell deed was deputed to two disreputable priests who were in the plot : Antanio Maffei and Stephano da Bagnone. How they came to consent to be the instruments of so foul a crime is beyond conjecture, but *Medici* historians like Colonel G. F. Young have shown that in fifteenth-century Italy, Church as well as State were riddled with intrigue and there was no lack of hirelings for the most sinister and treacherous schemes.

ON the fateful Sunday morning, under an April sky as blue as that which had smiled on the dying Simonetta, Lorenzo left the palace with Rafaello, Guiliano with Francesco de' Pazzi and a fellow - conspirator, Bernardo Bandini. Lorenzo carried his sword ; Guiliano was unarmed. On arrival at the crowded cathedral the brothers separated, Lorenzo standing at the south side of the choir, Guiliano at the north, with their guests beside them.

None in that teeming, murmuring, chanting congregation could have imagined the sudden, ferocious onslaught which would turn a hallowed sanctuary, tense with solemn music and magnificent ritual, into a cockpit of warring, struggling factions. But at the sacred Elevation of the Host pandemonium broke loose. Guiliano, with head reverently bent, was stabbed again and again by Bandini and Francesco. He fell dead with a sword-cut on the crown of his head and nineteen wounds in his body. Lorenzo, attacked by the two priests, received only a wound in the neck, for they were but amateur killers, and at the last minute evidently became unnerved and bungled their grim job. Possibly the mass, the hushed Elevation of the Host, had stirred their consciences, leaving them with little stomach for the murder to which they were committed.

Drawing his sword, whipping off his cloak and using it as a shield, Lorenzo fought them off desperately, then vaulted the low rail encircling the choir and ran across it, in front of the high altar, to the sacristy. Bandini, leaping after him, felled with one stroke a devoted Medici follower who tried to interpose, but before he could reach the heavy bronze sacristy door it was slammed in his face by the poet Politian and friends of his, who had rushed to Lorenzo's aid.

The whole cathedral was in an uproar. The conspirators vanished in the confusion, as they had planned—all except Rafaello, who sought the sanctuary of the high altar. But not (*Contd. on page 76*)

Drawing his sword, and using his cloak as a shield, Lorenzo fought the assassins desperately. The whole cathedral was in an uproar

THE COMPANION CHAIR. FOR THE CENTRE OF A DRAWING-ROOM

MECHANICAL ESCRITOIRE OR WRITING DESK, MADE IN WHITEWOOD

FASHIONS IN FURNITURE — 1851

THE Great Exhibition of 1851 provided eleven miles of tables and displays. It is therefore not surprising that Queen Victoria was,

"... bewildered from the myriads of beautiful and wonderful things."

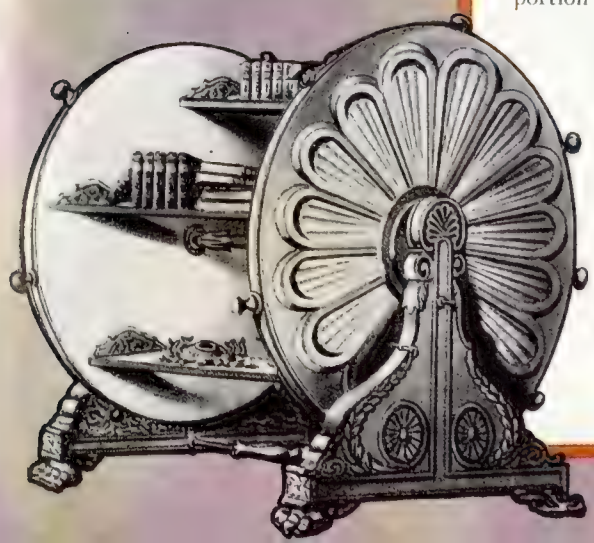
Undoubtedly many of the articles exhibited were very beautiful. We read of an ivory throne, exquisite Chinese lacquer work, jewelled weapons, mother of pearl bowls set in ormulu, alabaster goddesses that rose from marble shells in which coloured water bubbled, crystal chandeliers and Swiss needlework; these objects of beauty were but a minute portion of that colossal collection.

But there were many not so beautiful exhibits which were nevertheless attractive for their curious, quaint, or even hideous qualities. Massive, ugly pieces of furniture were displayed for their quality of craftsmanship and elaborate ornamentation in carving marquetry and upholstery.

For example, the unwieldy circular ends of a cumbersome looking bookcase were ornamented with scrolls, fluting and leaves, in a design which was far from beautiful, but in those ugly book (*Continued on page* 56)

By Lilian M. Eason

A CUMBERSOME LOOKING REVOLVING BOOKCASE WITH ORNAMENTED ENDS



A CHAIR MADE IN AN AGE WHEN THERE WAS TIME FOR DAY DREAMING

Acted Off Stage

By Breton Amis

WHAT should a daughter wear to welcome her parents home from their honeymoon? School uniform was too ordinary, Vicky decided, and her Sunday frock too special. So she chose a green jumper and a yellow cloth skirt which, with her flaming red hair, made life gayer.

Make-up? For the past three weeks she had run riot. Better keep to a touch of the "Fifth Form" lipstick Marion had given her. Discreet and dutiful.

She cut some of Marion's favourite apricot roses for their bedroom, then she went to the kitchen to tell Maggie to have dinner ready by seven, sharp.

"Not so much of your 'sharp,'" said Maggie. "Now you've a new Ma, you won't be so bossy by half, Miss Vicky. If you don't watch your step, that tip-tilt nose of yours'll be put right out of joint."

Vicky giggled, then frowned.

"Don't be disrespectful, Maggie. I'll have Marion eating out of my hand, bless her, but I've spoilt you by letting you have your own way too much."

"THE bills are printed and go up tomorrow. Look!" Vicky produced a poster from her lap and unfolded it

"Talking of people having their own way," said Maggie darkly, "you'll catch it when your Pa finds out what you've been up to. Skimping your home-work to go to the theatre each night—painted and powdered, too. And smarmy-looking men bringing you home in their cars—and you no more'n seventeen! Shame on you, Miss Vicky, for such goings-on the moment his back is turned!"

"If you tell tales," breathed Vicky, "I'll never forgive you, Maggie. I'll make your life hell and hound you to your grave. I'll dance on that, too, with clogs on."

Maggie shuddered and crossed herself. "Such wickedness——"

The front bell rang, and Vicky slid off the table to answer it. She went with stately tread, her impish face a study in wistful innocence. But she flung the door open with a flourish, extending both hands.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome!" she declaimed, on a rising note. "This is the happiest day of my life, because," an authentic break crept into her voice, "at last I can say those magic words, 'Welcome home, Daddy and . . . Mummy!'"

Marion laughed. Gerald Warren frowned.

"Don't be an ass, Vicky. How many times have I told you that acting is ruined by over-emphasis? Besides, it's bad form to exploit the theatre-value of a family reunion."

"Oh, well," said Vicky, rather crushed, "it's an occasion, anyway. Celebrated dramatist brings home actress bride. I shan't call Marion 'Mummy,' because I like calling her Marion, but just this once it was justified. Marion darling, you're even lovelier than at the wedding."

"Isn't she?" Gerald was pleased, and under their concerted gaze Marion blushed.

That she still could blush after ten years in modern plays, many of them Gerald Warren's conjugal dramas, was a tribute to her early resolve to have a private life apart from her stage life. Now she had given up the stage, and was looking forward to a new career as Gerald's wife and Vicky's mother. The drama, she knew, would still be there. Temperaments ran high in the Warren family, and often clashed. Her strength was that she and Vicky were firm friends.

"Dinner at seven," said Vicky. "I'll come up while you're changing, Marion, and make a gesture of handing over the housekeeping keys. Purely symbolic, of course, because Maggie won't part with them."

She took up a glass of sherry for Marion, and some fruit juice for herself.

"To the Women of the House of Warren," she toasted. "How does it feel to have a seventeen-year-old daughter when you're only twenty-eight?"

Marion laughed. She was a tall, graceful blonde, with deep blue eyes. A bit insipid, Vicky had thought at first—until she had noticed that fine, sensitive mouth that gave character to the pretty face.

"I haven't got used to being a mother yet," Marion confessed, "but I suppose I shall. How does it feel to have a step-mother?"

"In a way I'm a bit disappointed, because we're such pals. A wicked step-mother would have been most terribly thrilling. You know—someone passionately green-eyed and spiteful, who'd hiss the most dreadful things about me into Daddy's ear."

"He wouldn't believe them."

"Or I might have been a little viper," Vicky reflected. "All honey to Daddy and gall to you. We're pretty lucky, Marion. I'll help you, you'll help me, and if we pull together we'll have Daddy eating out of our hands."

A faint apprehension stirred in Marion. She put down her hair-brush and looked at her step-daughter.

"Conspiracy? Out with it, Vicky. What have you been up to?"

Vicky grinned admiringly.

"What I like about you is that you're clever, as well as lovely. Of course, you couldn't have been a great actress if you hadn't been clever, but you're *understanding*, as well."

"Worse and worse," said Marion. "I get really nervous (*Continued on page* 56)

NEW HOUSES IN GIBRALTAR

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

A STREET OF STEPS

RUMBLES FROM THE ROCK

HOW often have we heard that expression, "As firm as the Rock of Gibraltar!" Many of us have seen the "Rock" as we have cruised by, looking remarkably like its pictures so often used in commercial advertisements. Some of us have perhaps landed there and have seen the wild monkeys scrambling about; been photographed with the three-corner-hatted Spanish Customs officers who stand guard at La Linea, the frontier between Spain and the British Rock of Gibraltar, but how many know the recent secret history of the Rock and its aftermath?

During a part of the war I was in Lisbon. One day a mysterious stranger was brought into the Royal British Club there; he was not seen again until a few days later when he passed that way again and was seen no more.

The mysterious stranger was Pierpoint, the hangman, who had been to Gibraltar to hang two Spaniards tried and found guilty of treason.

You will not find the "Rock Scorpions," native-born Gibraltarians, guilty of treasonable practices; they are true-blue Britons; ultra patriots. In physical appearance they look Spanish but their looks belie their sentiments.

One of my Gibraltarian friends told me this story of his schooldays. A school inspector came out from Britain and visited this particular school. He addressed the class and said: "Will the boys who were born here please stand up." They stood up. "Now you boys standing up will you sing 'Rule Britannia,'" (*Continued on page* 58)

By Harry J. Greenwall

MR. PATTERSON of the Patterson Warehouse Company was a widower and slipping past middle age. He was beginning to feel that warehousing was a colourless kind of business with none of the youth and beauty which alleviated the daily routine in the uptown offices he occasionally visited.

So when Miss Benton, who had been with him the best part of twenty years, decided to leave he looked around for a secretary who would add an accent of youth and vitality to the establishment. The Patterson warehouse was an old-established dockside business that could handle almost any size of goods from a case of needles to a locomotive. It was a vast, barn-like place with an office built across one end of it and reached by a stair.

The girls who responded to the advertisement for a secretary took one look at the vaulted girders under the high roof, at the odd office poised halfway up the end wall, at the muscular characters who were loaders and shippers, and they turned and went back to the white-collar world where males were eligible and offices were offices.

The few who went as far as Mr. Patterson lacked the qualities he was looking for as a decoration to secretarial efficiency.

You've Got To Put On A Show

Jenny Was Born To The Sawdust Ring, But It Was Not The Life She Sought After

By Day Russell

The solution to his problem came in an unexpected way when dozens of packing cases arrived at the warehouse to await shipment abroad. They belonged to several circus acts which had been booked by an agent for an overseas tour.

It was quite a day when the members of the acts came down to the warehouse to check whether their trunks and props were complete. They were a chattering, colourful flock of odd characters and beautiful girls who got in everybody's way, looked into everything, opened trunks on the floor regardless of traffic, chatted with shippers and truck drivers, tried the block and tackle equipment as a trapeze and generally turned the place upside down.

They even involved Mr. Patterson who rarely had any need to leave his office. Mr. Patterson, dry, efficient, but amiable, smoothed his balding head with one hand, adjusted his spectacles with the other and emerged from his office to bring order into the chaos by disentangling his employees from an exhibition by the comedy jugglers and from the lively girls of the trapeze act.

He came upon a girl with blonde hair over a pert face. Macnair of the Harbour Police had come in to see what all the commotion was about and the girl was leaning against a pile of cases trying to make an impression on him. Macnair was a man in his thirties, made dour by the experience of ten years around the harbour, ten years which had taught him that the smoother the line of talk the more you had to watch the talker. The girl was trying to tease him out of his dourness without much success but with the satisfaction that she was at least holding her audience.

Mr. Patterson tapped her lightly on the shoulder.

"Young lady," he said. "Much as we appreciate your company, five minutes more of it and my shipping schedule will be disorganized for a week. Is this your suit-case spread open on the floor?"

The girl laughed.

"The handsome cop distracted me."

She bent down to repack the case which she had opened.

"Always packing and unpacking," she said. She looked up. "You folk don't know how lucky you are, playing the same

"THANKS, dear," said the girl cheerfully and then she put a finger on one of his tunic buttons

stand day in day out, three square meals a day and home each night to the old pair of slippers and the same bed. No night travelling, no packing, unpacking, no arriving at some place only to go some place else."

Mr. Patterson looked at Macnair but Macnair was staring down at the girl's head.

"Well," said Mr. Patterson, "I thought it was we stuck-in-the-mud folk who envied you circus people always seeing new places, new faces."

The girl got up and winked at Macnair. "Shut that case for me, dear. It needs brawn not brains." Then she answered Mr. Patterson. "I was born into the circus and went into my first act with my father and mother when I was four. I've been at it ever since, living in and out of a couple of suitcases and a trunk. They say the life gets you. It does! It gets you nowhere."

Macnair rose red with exertion.

"Thanks, dear," said the girl cheerfully, and then she put a finger on one of his tunic buttons. "Do you know my ambition? It is to sit behind an office desk that stays in one place, to go home at five o'clock like other girls, to live in one house that doesn't move and sleep in one bed for a whole year without ever changing to another." She laughed. "You'll think me crazy but guess my hobby."

"Knitting," guessed Macnair without smiling.

"No, shorthand and typing!"

Mr. Patterson blinked. "But you are going overseas. Think of the voyage, new countries, new everything."

"Nothing's new," said the girl, "I've seen it all." Then she laughed at Macnair who was frowning slightly. "Smile, darling," she teased, "you look lovely in blue. You know why I like cops? Because every time you go to a place there they are just the same as when you left it, same beat, same blue uniform, don't ever change their clothes. Nice and permanent. Reckon I'll end by marrying one just because they wear the same kind of uniform all the time."

Mr. Patterson coughed. This young girl had all the colour and vitality he could wish for. "Young lady," he said, "if you are really serious, there is a job right here that might interest you."

THAT was how Jenny Lee came to work for Mr. Patterson and for the first few weeks she hummed at her work and spent her spare time around the warehouse with the easy way of an old trouper who can talk to anyone and make friends with

Illustrations By Thornton Jones

everyone. She was everything Mr. Patterson could hope for. The office was brighter for her presence and not only did she do her work well but she had a knack of picking up odd gossip until it seemed she knew more about the place and his employees than did Mr. Patterson. The shippers, loaders and truckmen loved her. Friends with all and no nonsense with any was her motto and she could turn back an unwelcome approach with a quick wit that kidded freshness but lost no friends.

Macnair seemed to find an excuse to drop in every day and Jenny tried her hardest to tease him but it was obvious that Macnair had been smitten by feelings deeper than friendship and was jealous of the easy way with which she bantered with the other men.

JENNY let go, flung out and landed on top of a great pile of canvas-covered bales

The warehouse was on a main thoroughfare through the docks, in a neighbourhood of rough and ready people, stevedores, warehousemen, truckers, and the like. Soon it seemed that Jenny knew them all and they all knew Jenny and they'd drop along to the shipping platform where the men used to sit out for their lunch break just to say hallo to Jenny. It would have gone hard with any man in that tough quarter who tried to be rough with Jenny.

Her fair hair, her blue eyes, her pert face with its quick smile, her lithe, slim body, had a childlike quality in strong contrast to the solid maturity of Macnair with his dark hair, dark blue eyes and sober face. The contrast was equally strong in dress, his dark blue uniform against the vivid colours that Jenny wore.

"I like bright colours," she said. "This is a tough district and if I get mislaid it'll be easy to find me."

As for Mr. Patterson he had no reason to regret his choice. Jenny took to the work with a surprising competence and she was a quick, neat worker. He found himself developing a fatherly affection for her. But she had no sense of office formality. She just couldn't see why she shouldn't be her happy-go-lucky natural self anytime, anywhere and with everybody, whether it was the floor sweeper or Mr. Patterson himself.

Mr. Patterson was a little doubtful. Maybe she could be a little more reserved in dress and . . . er . . . behaviour.

Jenny sighed. "I guess it's the circus in me. In show business you've got to have what it takes. But you've got to put on a show as well, or nobody notices what you've got."

"But this . . . er . . . cavorting in the warehouse is hardly dignified for my personal secretary."

Jenny laughed, "Oh, you mean running up and down those mountains of bales?"

"No, I mean the . . . er . . . turning somersaults on the top."

"Oh that! That was just to keep in condition. The boys loved it."

The boys, as she called them, were the warehousemen. Mr. Patterson shook his head and his brow wrinkled. Jenny just didn't understand the discipline of the emotions that was necessary in a business. She had spent her life in disciplining her muscles to her circus routines, and letting her emotions run free.

There was a block and tackle equipment in the warehouse used for moving certain types of heavy goods. Its pulleys and ropes were slung from a mono rail that ran from one end of the warehouse to the other.

One day Jenny went down to the warehouse from the office during the men's lunch break and she saw a new rope laid out for the block and tackle.

"Show us the Indian rope trick, Jenny," teased one of the men.

She was in good spirits and she laughed. "I could show you something better."

A chorus of voices egged her on. She tied a long string to one end of the rope and then, without any self-consciousness, tucked her silk dress into her pants and climbed up the lace steel girders that framed the walls and spanned the high roof. She looked unbelievably small and sure of herself. Up in the roof she looped her legs through the girder, hung down and hauled up the rope with the string. She made the rope fast and began to come down hand over hand.

At first there had been a tense silence below but then a ripple of applause broke out and spurred her on. She began to perform some of her old circus tricks, the leg loop and upside down postures. Then she began to swing the rope to take wider and wider arcs as she came down lower and lower. The tension grew below because the rope did not reach near the floor. Then to a breath-taking gasp as the rope swung in great swings from one side of the shed to the other she suddenly let go, flung out and landed on the top of a great pile of canvas-covered bales. The top bales had absorbed her fall and quivered for a moment as if they would bring the whole pile tumbling down, and then, before they could, Jenny had clambered down the precarious pile to the ground. Quite calmly she pulled out her dress, straightened it and took her bows.

The only one who did not applaud was Macnair who had happened to drop in while Jenny was in the middle of her act. To him a girl who could tuck her dress in her pants and perform like that before a group of tough characters was not the kind of girl he had hitherto thought she was.

Jenny was laughing at the applause when she caught sight of Macnair's face and she blushed just as if she knew for the first time she had done something wrong. She turned and ran back to the office.

The rope was still up there.

Someone else disapproved of the act, too.

"Why did you do it?" asked Mr. Patterson after reproving her.

Jenny shrugged. "Guess the old routine got into me."

"Well, don't do it again."

"That's all right," replied Jenny. "I couldn't. My hands have gone soft. I won't be able to hold a thing for a week because of the blisters."

But something happened to Jenny that day and the chief shipper blamed it on Macnair.

"I saw it meself," he said. "I saw it happen the moment she saw that pickle-faced puss of his just as if he wuz mad he couldn't arrest her for disturbin' the peace. I wuz watching her face, all pink and flushed and smilin', then the next moment the smile had frozen and she turned and ran."

"There's somethin' between those two," said one of the men.

(*Continued on page 72*)

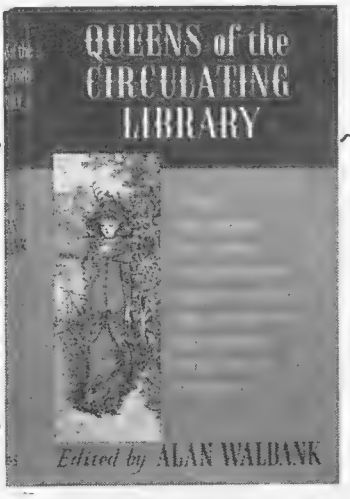
Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

Ouida, And All That

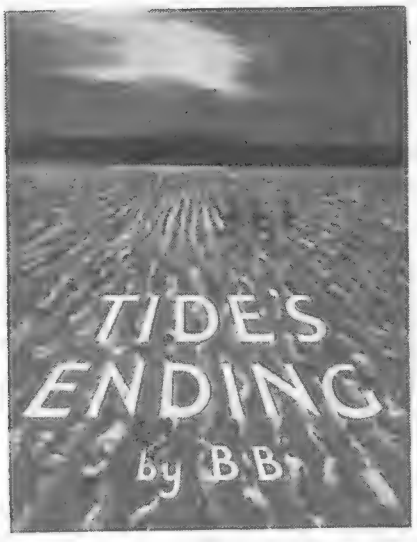
LADY CONSTANCE LESLIE, a loyal friend of Ouida's, said it was a tragedy that she should have been created with "the passions of a *grande amoureuse* and the face of a soured washerwoman." The *amoureuse* enabled her to write hectic best-sellers like *Under Two Flags* and got her into emotional jams with the Marchese della Stufa and Lord Lytton; the "washerwoman" barbed her tongue and prompted her to behave with unconscionable rudeness at parties. In Eileen Bigland's **"Ouida"** (Jarrolds, 16s.), she is everything from self-crowned genius living and spending like an imperious ambassadress in Florence to tragic recluse at Lucca, renouncing and castigating the society world of her earlier novels. I have never read a more absorbing biography of one who could sometimes write like an angel and rave like a devil. It debunks but is also fundamentally sympathetic: even to her tribe of dogs.

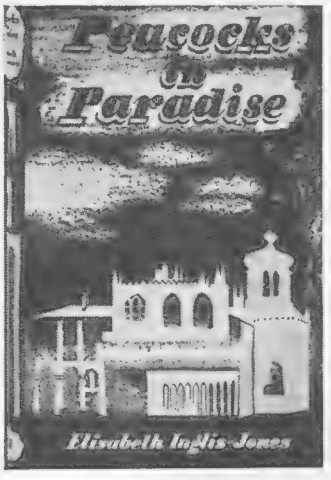
Ouida shares honours with Rhoda Broughton (whom she detested), Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte Yonge and Marie Corelli in **"Queens of the Circulating Library"** (Evans, 12s. 6d.), a series of extracts from their most popular novels, selected by Alan Walbank with no apologies to posterity. . . .



What they have thought in the past from 1500 onwards Harry Ballam and Roy Lewis anthologize in "The Visitors' Book" (Parrish, 15s.), also with charming old prints. We find the Frenchman Francis Wey recording in 1856 that men bathed naked at Brighton, and when he wanted to leave the water he couldn't do so because some prim ladies with prayer books had planted themselves in his path to show their dislike of Sabbath-breakers. However, at last he did in desperation—and they didn't even pretend to look away!

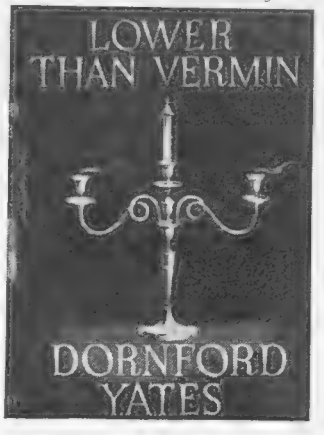
PUNCH and Judy, of course, must have been there for the children's delight. Punch, in fact, since his inception in Italy as Pulcinella, has a history of three-and-a-half centuries, and to know his story is to know that of "strolling players, mimes of little theatres, and men who carried his portable theatre on their backs," writes Philip John Stead in "Mr. Punch" (Evans, 10s. 6d.): a picturesque chronicle with plates ancient and modern.





NOW for two fine examples of luxury bookcraft, lavishly illustrated. "Tide's Ending," by "B.B." (Hollis & Carter, 25s.) is a handsome quarto about the wildfowl haunts, of tideways, creeks and saltings by an enthusiast who says "By nature I am a lone watcher and hunter" but enjoys talking with friends at the end of the day over a roaring fire and pint of ale. The colour plates by D. J. Watkins-Pitchford have an enchanting beauty.

W. B. Honey's "French Porcelain of the Eighteenth Century" (Faber, 25s.) devoted chiefly to the earlier soft-pastes of Saint-Cloud, Chantilly, Mennecy and Vincennes, is an expert survey by one lately Keeper of Ceramics at the V. and A. Museum: an indispensable book for every collector and connoisseur, with 100 pages of photographs, four in colour.

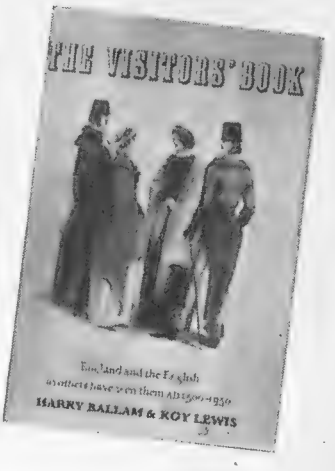


CUTE, those proprietors of the old-time music-halls. One would stop an artist in the street, bark "Next week, eh? Salary——" and hold up the fingers and thumb of one hand. The artist would nod and tell his pals he'd been engaged for a fiver. But on pay-day he was handed £4 10s., less commission, and when he protested that he'd been promised £5: "No, my boy," said the boss, holding up his thumb, "that little feller means ten bob, not a quid." Naomi Jacob, first a secretary to comedienne Marguerite Broadfoote, then an artist in her own right, sentimentalizes the "good old days" in "Me—Looking Back" (Hutchinson, 16s.), revelling in stories of former and present stars, and also in her Yorkshire girlhood. As in her former "Me's," she has the art of prattling—not a bad one in honest straight-from-life memoirs.

ELISABETH INGLIS-JONES doesn't prattle. Despite a tediously parochial start she writes exquisitely of eighteenth-century Thomas Johnes—creator of the fantastic Gothic house Hafod, M.P. for Cardiganshire, translator of Froissart and Monstrelet—in "Peacocks in Paradise" (Faber, 18s.). I have been fascinated by this intimate picture of Welsh landowning life, the tragic fire which robbed him, at fifty-eight, of the treasures of a lifetime set amid beautiful gardens, and the old prints which illustrate it.

What visitors from abroad think of us will matter, this Festival year.

WHEN one turns to a Frank Swinnerton novel one is not surprised to read: "We're (*Continued on page 76*)



IN February, comfort assumes the status of an art. When the frost bites, we who take our creature comforts seriously, range ourselves among the gourmets as classic, if minor, artists.

The cult of warmth has its secret in a craftsmanlike organization, coupled with a blessed æstheticism which allows the full appreciation of the result.

The pursuit of comfort scorns no means, either mechanical or æsthetic, which serves the purpose. Small things are as important as larger ones. The look of comfort counts as highly as the feel of it.

Screens are practical and often-forgotten adjuncts to warmth. You can make one for yourself with a white-wood frame which can be bought for 47s. 6d. Add the cost of the material for stretching over the frame, of course.

Ankle-cuffed bootees, wool lined, will take the place of house shoes, and the eiderdown can be press-studded to the top blanket to prevent that icy sideslip which afflicts the chilly morning hours.

NO comfort-lover will be unprepared for fuel shortages or power cuts. An oil-burning radiator and a cache of fuel may save a crisis. This kind of radiator, less than £10 to buy and of the utmost economy to run, must commend itself to any economically-minded hedonist.

Take active steps against those inanimate household objects which take mean advantage of the coldest month. Think of the telephone, for instance, which plays so delightful an intermediary part in the summer conversazione and in winter assumes the role of avenging demon, summoning us from the fireside to that draughty corner, which at other times afforded such enviable privacy. The answer is either a multiplication of telephones or a seasonal sacrifice of privacy. As it is possible to have a telephone in every bedroom, the hall, the basement and even the kitchen, and still be left with no extension cosily situated in the warmth, think twice before saying "No!" to a phone in the sitting-room.

PERHAPS the sternest test for the comfort-lover is involved in organizing a session of reading in bed. What to do to stay the chill that creeps down the spine, or to warm the icy hand which holds the book? Heat the bedroom, of course, and why not a remote control switch on the electric fire which will obviate the necessity to hop out of bed to turn it off. The perfectionists will consider a few pounds well spent on an upholstered bed rest (rather like a miniature armchair which rests on the mattress) to render sitting up in bed, either to read or enjoy a meal, a real luxury. As a final touch of perfection try a book rest-come-tray; this will run up the cost of comfort a further 52s. 6d.

As a final refinement, the electric blanket has no peer. Head to toe warmth, with none of that unhappy juggling of hot water bottle from feet to small of back and back again to feet, from the time you step into bed until the time you reluctantly rise from it, is an investment of £8 2s. 6d. in the comfort of living.

Run Them Up Yourself

The fashion for combining knitted and woven fabrics for casual and evening clothes has endless possibilities for the home dressmaker who likes to run up a quick little creation for herself.

For this kind of dressmaker treatment, machine knitting gives a firmer, more elastic fabric than hand knitting, and is much easier to work with. A machine knitting service will undertake all the knitted fabric required for the styles illustrated here, and any others that they may inspire. All you do is to send details of the measurement of the ribbing required, together with the necessary amount of knitting wool in a suitable shade and ply. The costs are worked out according to the amount of knitting involved and are far from expensive.

CHIFFON and fine wool ribbing make this charming evening blouse. The strapless bodice is simplicity itself to make, as it does not require elaborate shaping or boning. The shoulder band, which fits snug and tight, is made of two 1½-in. strips of ribbing in 2-ply wool, with chiffon sewn with sequins slightly ruched between. Black is the obvious colour, with perhaps black over pink chiffon for the inset.

TWO ideas for renovating worn blouses. The worn welt, cuffs and collar are cut away for the lumber jacket, the worn armhole and neckline cut out for the sweater. The ribbed knitting is treated like ordinary fabric and sewn into place, stretching slightly to give a snug fit. When the ribbing comes back from the makers, the stitches look as if they have just been slipped off the needle. These should be picked up on to a knitting needle and cast off loosely before being sewn on to the garment.

THE elastic quality of machine ribbing gives it varied possibilities for hat making. The pillbox on the left is in emerald green velvet and grey wool ribbing. The pillbox shape is made in buckram covered with emerald green velvet. Two inch-wide circles of ribbing (4-ply wool will give extra weight) are sewn one to the top, one to the base. A wool pompon, made out of the left-over yarn, gives the finishing touch.

THE chic little hat on the right is a variation of the beanie which anyone can make as no shaping is necessary. It is unstiffened and clings to the head of its own accord. It comprises two stripes of 4-ply wool ribbing, with softly ruched scarlet velvet between. The lower circle of ribbing is of a size to fit the head closely, while the top circle is much smaller, so that it almost closes up.

The two-way dress is indispensable to the small wardrobe. The fashion started in Paris in the grand manner and soon became popular with women on the look-out for ways of making one hat or one dress do the work of two or three. These suggestions may commend themselves to home sewers or as designs for the dressmaker to handle

Two Ways About It

ON the right are two versions of the two-way dress. The one on the left has an adaptable collar which can be worn fastened high with a tie for daytime, and open for dressier occasions, when an overskirt is added over the slim fitting skirt. The overskirt is cut on the cross of the material and is attached to a belt which clips round the waist in place of the patent or leather daytime belt.

THE second style has a straight skirt and one of the new fashionable mandarin collars which provide so dramatic a setting for costume jewellery. Two flyaway panels, attached to a belt in the same way as the overskirt above, can be fastened over the skirt to give the dress a party air. A change of jewellery will underline the transformation.

IF the number of hats in your wardrobe must be limited, it is wisest to choose a good basic shape which can be dressed up or down as the occasion demands. A stiff velour beret, for instance, will prove a versatile addition to your range of millinery. Below are two quite different ways of wearing it.

FOR restaurant and theatre parties, the beret can be dressed up with an eye veil. Choose a very coarse mesh veiling, and tie it tightly over the head, under the hat, so that it just becomingly veils the eyes. The veil is tied in a knot on top of the head. The beret is now worn rather fat and fairly straight on the top, covering the knot of the veil. A jewelled brooch puts the finishing touch.

FOR a different suit or coat and a change of colour scheme wear the same beret pirate fashion. The head is tied up in a triangular scarf, mammy fashion, and the hair tucked severely out of sight. The beret is now planted on top, slightly to one side, with a novelty stab-pin at a strategic point. Good, effective and safe in a high wind.

A CLASSIC suit is perhaps the most intractable item in the wardrobe and does not easily lend itself to transformations. Quite a lot can be done with changes of accessories and blouses, and here are two variants with scarves.

THE first version is done with a short scarf, preferably of stiff French silk. The scarf is tied in a bow or knot and the two ends pinned one on either lapel with a fancy pin. With a long, soft scarf you can make the second version which is tied cravat-wise round the neck, and the long end looped through the buttonholes.

Madam, This Is You

SEEING ourselves is always fascinating. Quizzes and horoscopes and the revelations of official statistics go to prove it by their irresistible allure.

People everywhere collect statistics for one reason or another and most of them are dull, but the statistical information about women in the mass, how they behave, what they wear and what they think, is entertaining.

Here are some of the facts about us which are filed away after careful research. What they prove and if they matter is neither here nor there, but these facts, madam, are about You.

A census taken amongst a thousand women between sixteen and thirty-five showed that one out of every two suffered from chilblains.

The B.B.C. Listening Panel discloses that twenty-nine per cent of us listen to *Family Favourites* on Sunday.

ANOTHER discovery made by the millinery researches tells us that women in Brighton and Hove buy more hats than women elsewhere and that in Yorkshire women on the average are more fashion conscious than most. Why, we are not informed. That is up to you to guess.

Believe it or not, in London seven out of ten women resident in Knightsbridge wear hats, whereas in the Strand only four out of ten women shoppers seem to go for headgear.

A famous cosmetic firm gives the following facts about the "average" woman —whoever she may be :

Between eighteen and twenty-four years of age seventy one per cent of women buy perfume. Between the age of twenty-five and thirty-four, interest in fragrance sags and drops to sixty per cent. In middle age the urge for perfume renews itself and sixty-six per cent of women buy it. After that interest declines again. This makes a revealing graph of the interest you, madam, take in your personal appearance from teenage to maturity.

It will be no surprise that only twelve women in every hundred do not use powder, but what can the explanation be for the fact that in the South of England darker shades of powder are used than in the North?

MANUFACTURERS' researches show that women are the television fans. Few bachelors buy television sets. Women are the customers.

Monday—you guess why—is the worst day for interviewing women everywhere.

There seems to be no doubt that as a sex we are gadget-minded. Four out of five women use an electric iron; half owned vacuum sweepers; one in three has a telephone and one in ten a fridg.

Emotionally we seem to be pretty well situated. Three quarters of a thousand women questioned declared themselves to be "fairly happy." The remainder were harassed about money.

One in two complained of fatigue, and only one in six claimed that her husband helped with the housework.

Among business women half said they engaged in business for financial reasons only and the other half worked because they liked it, which is pretty even scoring.

WHEN the Federation of Women's Institutes took a poll of members' views, the dream house which emerged had wooden floors throughout, a kitchen-living-room where the family could eat, and a separate sitting-room to get away from it all.

Madam, how do you sleep? In nighties or pyjamas? Last year eight out of ten women in London bought nighties to sleep in. This year, the number went up one in ten. This is a Southern habit for in Liverpool and Glasgow, women prefer pyjamas.

DO you know that the average woman walks eight miles a day while doing her average job, or the housework? That if you buy fewer than three pairs of shoes, excluding summer sandals, you are more careful and/or less indulgent than the average woman?

If you keep a cat, it is three chances to four that you feed it on scraps and, in households where cats are kept, there are one and one-fifth pussies apiece, which is a queer statistical way of saying that there are six cats to every five cat lovers. Finally, although you may hotly dispute it, you are spending more of the family income on Nylons and household goods, while your husband is cutting down on his beer and smokes.

M. S.

The clever ornament promotes the simplest gown to elegance as when a series of brilliant paste clips are used cleverly to enrich a plain black dress. On the right, a bold cameo brooch finds a new and effective use pinned to a long, tight sleeve.

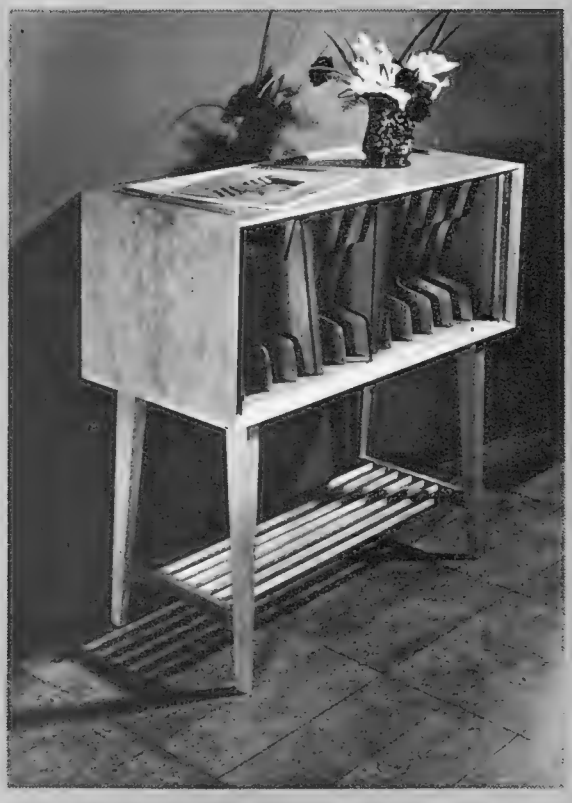
THE TRINKET TOUCH

WE are inclined to put trinkets among the luxuries of dress, but in fact they deserve to be regarded as investments. A repertoire of pretty ornaments gives distinction to the simplest wardrobe. Rising prices are already limiting the number of clothes we can indulge, and it is the more important to give those touches of variety, not to say gaiety, which relieve the monotony of a long-service wardrobe.

The matched sets which we have photographed in the top picture (all from Paris House) include a gilt chain and matching ear-rings with tiny pendant bells ; a necklace, bracelet and hat brooch en suite with fine gilt tassels and a pearl and paste bracelet and brooch for evenings.

1951 Furniture

Since restrictions were lifted from the manufacture of furniture, design has taken a form and modern furniture can be said to have assumed an identifiable post-war character. These specimens from the 1951 stock lists, compiled by the Council of Industrial Design for the Festival of Britain, are in production now for general sale this year.



Pearwood is used for a record and magazine cabinet with sliding glass doors by the makers, Wylie and Lockhead, and Cherrywood for an original bed by the same makers. The table below combines veneered sycamore and mahogany. Scottish Furniture Manufacturers.

(Top.) A D-end dining table of plywood, veneers and timber, by David Joel, has detachable legs for easy storage and transport. The nursery bed, left above, is carried out in natural oak with cane ends. It has extendable ends so that the bed grows with the child. Scottish Manufacturers Ltd. Upholstered plywood covered in tartan with seat and legs of mahogany makes a high-backed chair, above. Left. An occasional table with a removable tray top hand-made in rauli and birch, designed by Henry Long for Heals.

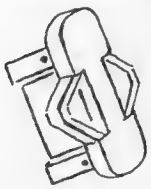
Nitwit's Guide To

Electricity

TO most women electricity is a beneficent mystery, indispensable and incomprehensible. This is all right as far as it goes, but when it goes too far and, at the best, a fuse blows, or at the worst electricity shows its teeth and stages an accident, complacent ignorance looks a little foolish.

One may justly designate oneself a nitwit about electricity and nobody will blame us, but there is still no reason to be caught out in the dark and helpless, when a fuse blows, and still less reason for taking the chances that nitwits commonly take, blissfully unaware until an accident occurs.

DON'T get the jitters about electricity. It is one of the safest services in the house, used with a little common sense. Its most unfortunate characteristic is that it works under cover. The invisible inspires confidence and cloaks a very real danger for the uninitiated.



But quite apart from the danger of shocks and the interruption of service, sheer efficiency depends upon giving the electricity a chance to do its job well. This one can only do by understanding just enough about it to give the service the chance it deserves.

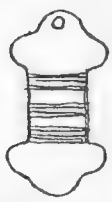
WHEN the lights "fuse," what actually happens is that the current in the wires has increased on account of a fault or because of overloading, causing a thin piece of wire placed at a strategic spot to overheat and melt, thus cutting off the current. You can learn to replace this wire in a few minutes. It is worth learning and quite without danger if you remember to cut off the current at the main and to replace the wire with a fresh one of the right thickness.

OUTBREAKS of fires sometimes originate from electrical faults. On the other hand, electrical apparatus does give ample warning of coming trouble, and even nitwits can recognise them with a little instruction. A smell of hot rubber; a switch or plug point, even a flex, which warms up when in use should be taken as a warning that something is wrong. A crackle in the radio is frequently a signal that there are some loose contacts about. If you get this trouble when you are using the electric iron, a kettle or any other portable apparatus while the radio is on, take it as a signal to have the faulty apparatus examined.

THERE are twenty times as many people killed in a year from falling out of bed or slipping on orange-peel as there are those who succumb to electric shocks. Nevertheless, an electric shock is an unpleasant and sometimes a dangerous thing. The apparatus we use every day seems innocuous enough. It is so if it is properly safeguarded. The trouble is that we carry on with irons and kettles and electric sweepers and what-have-you that have worn-out cables and loose contacts and in many cases no "earth."

Well, what is an "earth," and why bother about it?

In nearly every case of a fault in the apparatus, the current finds its way into the metallic case of the appliance. From here the current seeks a return path through the earth back to the power station. Normally, and when all is well with the appliance, it returns through a second path, but the earth provides an alternative path in emergency. Without this safety valve the current may find its return path through the body of the user. If the user is standing on a dry, wooden floor, this provides an insulator and the danger is avoided, but if she is standing on a concrete or tiled floor or is otherwise in contact with any good conductor, the result can be fatal.



For this reason with all electrical apparatus an earth is a vital safeguard. With portable appliances the plug point should have three pins, two for carrying the current and a third to lead away any leakage. Be sure that flex wires and cables are in good condition. Worn flexes are a source of danger and lead to breakdowns.

ALWAYS employ a competent electrician for repairs and adjustments. The helpful amateur may save initial expense and to all outward appearances the job may seem satisfactory, but this is a case where a little knowledge is dangerous. Don't tinker with electrical repairs yourself if your knowledge is limited. If you are content to remain a nitwit about electricity, leave it alone. On the other hand, it is much easier to learn just enough about it to render yourself and the household safe and to enjoy the best that an indispensable service has to offer.

Rescue Work for Rugs

TORN or faded rugs can be given first-aid treatment at home which will, at worse, tide them over until they can receive professional attention.

First signs of wear and tear usually appear as torn or fraying edges. This can be very simply rectified by rebinding.

First of all, trim off the worn fringe, if any, and the frayed edge of the rug as far as the sound part, and level off. Use a large pair of scissors for this, sliding the blade through the pile and cutting only the canvas backing. If the rug has extra long pile, or looped tufting, open out the pile and hold a spatula (or the blunt edge of a knife) along the cutting line so that the tufts or loops are not cut by the scissors.

With a sharp razor blade, next shave off the pile to a depth of 1 in. from the cut edge. Care should be taken not to cut the canvas backing which will then provide a firm edge to which to fix the new binding.

If the carpet is soft and the backing pliable, the trimmed edge can be folded under the carpet and the raw edge neatened with narrow carpet webbing. This gives the neatest edge, but it is not always practical with strong, stiff-backed rugs. In this case it is better to bind the raw edge.

FOR bound edges, the webbing should match or tone as near as possible the colouring of the carpet and should be at least 2¼ ins. wide. The webbing is backstitched on the upper side of the shaved edge as close into the pile as possible, using carpet thread or strong oiled linen twine and a carpet or packing needle. The binding is then folded over the raw edge and stitched down at the back with shallow stitches. With a square or oblong rug, mitre the corners to make them neat and flat. With a curved or oval rug, run a gathering thread along the inside edge of the binding, gather up the fullness, and take up in the final neatening. The gathers can then be steamed flat by light pressure with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

A fringe, backstitched on to the bound edge, will give added length and a professional finish to the rug.

HOWEVER carefully and regularly cleaned, stubborn stains and dirt will do more than anything to rob rugs of their colour. A carpet shampoo will help to restore them at least to some of their original brilliance. The carpet should first be thoroughly cleaned of dust by a vacuum cleaner if possible, if not by beating and brushing, to remove all the loose dust and dirt. Then make up the carpet shampoo. If you are using one of the proprietary carpet-cleaning preparations follow the maker's directions, otherwise a strong solution of one of the soapless detergent powders will make an excellent substitute.

The shampoo should be applied to the carpet with a small stiff brush (a nail brush, for example), rubbing into the pile until a faint lather appears. The carpet is then wiped down with a clean cloth and water, and dried off by rubbing with a clean, dry cloth. It is important to prevent the carpet canvas backing from becoming saturated with water, so tackle only a small area at a time (about a square foot), rinse and dry thoroughly as you go along. If possible, hang up the rug to dry so that air can circulate round it.

IN the case of a plain rug where the colour seems very faded, it can sometimes be restored by dyeing. Make up a concentrated solution of dye, using about a pint of water and six or seven dyes of the (*Continued on page* 68)

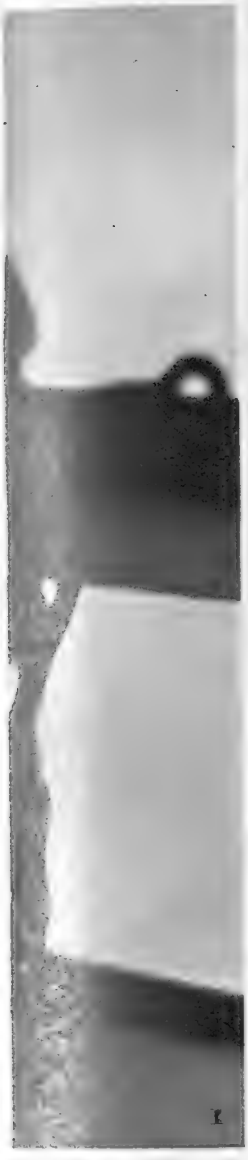
Preparing for rebinding. The frayed edge is trimmed and 1 in. of the pile is shaved off along the edge.

Use a nail brush and soapless detergent for shampooing and, later, a thick paint brush for applying the dye.

Ceramics

Some modern examples of pottery and porcelain ornaments which may prove to be the heirlooms of the future.

China or porcelain groups, and all the other decorative forms of the potter's art which are grouped under the term ceramic, are probably more popular than any other form of ornament. As one period of decoration has succeeded the last, artists in clay have created ornaments to fit the mood and feeling of their times. This selection of contemporary ceramics are as expressive of their age as the delicate 18th-Century Chelsea figurine or the more ornate Victorian group. They range from 2 guineas to 20, and they include the frankly whimsical, as well as groups of that quality which characterises works of art.



A random choice of pottery figure groups shows how widely different in mood contemporary ceramics can be. There is the satire of Audrey Blackman's "The Newspaper" (2); nostalgia in Mrs. Vivien Pleydell-Railston's group after Goya (3); charm in the animal fantasies created by Basil Matthews (1) and Agnete Hoy (6) at Heals; humour in Percy S. Braisby's two pieces, "The Typist" (4) and "Different Schools" (5); and romantic appeal in Mary Mitchell-Smith's family group (7).

The Filled Neckline

MATERIALS.—9 ozs. of La Laine Super Fingering 3-ply in navy blue and 1 oz. 2-ply in Beauty Pink ; 1 pair each of No. 9, 12 and 13 needles ; ¾ yard of narrow velvet ribbon ; 37 small pearls.

TENSION.—8½ sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. in 3-ply wool on No. 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS.—Length, 21½ ins. ; bust, 34 ins. ; underarm seam, 17½ ins.

FRONT

Cast on 120 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in st. st. for 2 ins. Turn under work horizontally and k. tog. first st. of row with first st. of cast-on row. Continue in this way to end of row, forming a small hem. Continue until work measures 2½ ins. Change to No. 13 needles and work for 3 ins. Change back to No. 12's and inc. at each end of next and every following 4th row until there are 146 sts. on needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 12½ ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next two rows, then dec. at beg. and end of next five k. rows (124 sts.). Continue without shaping until work measures 14¼ ins. **Next row.**—K. 25, moss 74, k. 25. **Next row.**—P. 25, moss 74, p. 25. Repeat these two rows. **Next row.**—K. 25, moss 4, cast off 66, moss 4, k. 25. Continue on these 29 sts. for three rows, always mossing the last 4 sts. of p. rows and the first 4 sts. of k. rows. Now inc. 1 st. immediately after 4 moss sts. on next and every following 6th row, until there are 75 rows from neck casting off. Now, with right side of work facing, work 31, turn and p. back. Work 20, turn and p. back. Work 10, turn and p. back. Cast off. Work up second shoulder to match.

BACK

Work as for front but continue straight up after armhole shaping until work measures 20½ ins. **Next 2 rows.**—Work to within 11 sts. of end, turn. **Next 2 rows.**—Work to within 22 sts. of end, turn. **Next row.**—K. 20, moss 40, k. 10. **Next row.**—P. 10, moss 40, p. 10. **Next row.**—K. 10, moss 40, k. to end of row. Cast off purlwise, casting off central 40 sts. in moss.

SLEEVE

Cast on 56 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in st. st. for 2 ins. Turn under and make a hem as for front and back. Work 2 ins. Inc. at each end of next and every following 8th row (*Continued on page* 68)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pram Cover

MATERIALS.—12 ozs. Target " Motoravia " wool ; 1 pair No. 9 needles.

MEASUREMENTS.—22 ins. by 22 ins.

Cast on 113 sts. and work border in garter st. (every row plain). Knit 2 rows.

3rd row.—(Beginning corner turn, which is repeated 14 times.) K. 2, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. to last 4 sts., k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2.

5th row.—K. 3, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. to last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 3.

7th row.—K. 4, k. 2 tog., and so on.

When 14 shapings have been completed, change to fancy pattern, keeping a border of 16 sts. in garter st. each side, working on the 81 sts. in between in fancy pattern as follows :

1st row.—(Right side of work.). K. 4, * make 5 sts. out of next st. working 5 times alternately in the front and the back, k. 17, repeat from *.

2nd row.—Work sts. as they present themselves, the 5 sts. in the one st. p. tog., forming a knob. 2 sts. before this knob, wool around needle once, p. the next 2 sts., slip loop over the 2 sts., then form knob, again wool round needle, p. 2 and slip loop over sts.

3rd row.—K. 1, * make 5 sts., k. 5, make 5 sts., k. 11, repeat from *.

4th row.—P. purl sts., before first knob, wool round needle, p. 1, form knob and pull loop over p. st. and knob. At second knob wool round needle in front of knob, form knob, p. 1 and pull loop over knob and p. st.

5th row.—As first row.

6th row.—As second row but pull loop over two lots of sts. before and after knobs with 9 sts. in between.

7th, 9th, 11th row.—K. (*Continued on page* 68)

The Coats Of The Moment

STRAIGHT, belted or full, which style best suits your figure or your fancy you may choose with confidence. Soft wools, warm and suitable for the chills of early spring, characterize the coats of the moment. Donnybrook camelcloth, right, is typical. Wear it with a sweater and a slim skirt or over light wool dresses; £8.6.8. Another camelcloth, below, is cut straight with high flap pockets, and stitching down the front wrap-over; £9.9.4. The diagonal wool tweed, centre, in a choice of colours; £9.9.4. Both by Donnybrook. Aquascutum's single-breasted dog-tooth check, right, is in West of England proofed tweed with velvet collar; £9.9.4.

For further particulars write, enclosing a stamped envelope, to BRITANNIA AND EVE, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

At The Root Of It

IN any discussion about hair health, it must be admitted that hair differs in quality with each individual, and that the reasons for the many variations are not fully known. But if the quality of the hair is unalterable, its condition can be improved with correct treatment, or conversely, can deteriorate through neglect.

The general state of health is reflected in the condition of the hair. Loss of hair colour and tone, which is the frequent legacy of illness, will often be automatically restored with a return to good health. It therefore follows that any hair treatment must always be accompanied by measures to improve the health generally.

Poor physique, however, is not the full story of hair troubles as there are a number of local factors which affect both its appearance and condition. If the hair is to grow vigorously and strongly, a fatty substance called sebum must be produced by glands at the root of the hair. This secretion oozes into the hair sheath or follicle, coats the hair and then reaches the surface. The function of the sebum is to act as a lubricant and if there is a deficiency, considerable friction occurs between the hair follicle and the hair as it grows. This results in back pressure on to the tiny capillaries which feed the hair, and by constriction of the blood flow to the hair root, leads to stunted growth and lack of quality. This deficiency can be made good by scalp massage with a preparation which contains the substances which the hair must have to thrive.

Overaction of the sebum glands can lead to greasy seborrhœa, one of the most common forms of "dandruff." This is caused when the sebum dries into small flakes on contact with the atmosphere and, by blocking the tiny space between the hair and the follicle, obstructs the free flow of sebum. Treatment is very simple in that it consists of frequent shampoos with a specially mild shampoo which will remove the fatty secretions from the scalp and hair, without scouring right down into the hair follicle itself.

Seborrhœa should not be confused with a dry powdery condition of the scalp commonly referred to as scurf or dandruff. This is a perfectly normal condition, not a disease, so no question of a cure is involved. This type of dandruff, in very severe cases, can lead to inflammation of the hair follicles, so for this reason, if not for aesthetic considerations alone, the scalp should be kept free with a dandruff solvent shampoo.

As the quality and condition of the hair is established in the hair root beneath the scalp surface, all measures to improve the hair must be applied to the scalp itself. Scalp massage, preferably with a preparation which supplies the natural deficiencies which lead to impoverished hair, will tend to normalize the action of the glands and (*Continued on page* 68)

Preparing for a Manicure

IT is scarcely worth while painting one's nails if there is not time to go through the rather lengthy process of preparation. Hastily applied varnish will never have the immaculate finish of a professional manicure, and anyway will peel and chip all too quickly. Correctly applied, lacquer gives a long lasting, good finish.

First the old polish should be removed. Place small pads of cotton wool moistened with oily varnish on each finger, allow them to remain for a minute, and then wipe off the old lacquer with a single movement of the cotton wool from base to nail tip.

Next clean the nails by soaking in a small bowl of warm soapy water. Never dig at the nails to clean them, and never use a nail brush which separates the nail from the finger and spoils the shape of the nail. Instead, clean the nails as you would a baby's, with a super fatted soap and a cup-shaped sponge, afterwards cleaning gently with an orange stick. Do not touch the dividing line between the pink part of

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

he nail and the free edge, or dig in any ay into the free edge with a metal nail le. Lift the cuticle gently with a hoof tick.

NOW the nails can be shaped. File the nails to a tapering oval by all means, it suits and flatters the shape of your ands, but don't achieve a mandarin oint at the expense of filing down the ide of the nail. If the nails are weak, allow the nail to grow up at the side and file squarely across the top for a month or so, to encourage the nails to grow strongly again. The small pieces of hard skin which form at the sides of the nail bed are new nail, and should be pressed into the nail bed and not cut away.

GO over the nails once again with oily nail polish remover. This removes every trace of soap or grease which might prevent the polish adhering closely.

The nails should now be given a colourless undercoating which will form a base for the nail colour. Allow the base to dry throughly before applying the lacquer or varnish. Use one or other of the many gadgets to steady the hand so that the brush strokes can be applied with precision. One manufacturer incorporates a finger rest into the shoulders of the lacquer bottle itself. There is also a palette-like finger rest which will hold all four fingers steady while the colour is applied. Make full use of the long-handled brush which is designed so that it can be held as firmly as a pencil, with the shaft resting against the hand between finger and thumb. All these aids are invaluable for obtaining that precision which makes for a professional manicure.

Allow the lacquer to harden thoroughly, remembering that all polishes dry from the outside inwards, so that it is still vulnerable to scratches and puckering even when the top layer appears firm to the touch.

Finally, a colourless protective coating will give an added brilliance to the colour, will seal the edges against chipping and flaking and will help to harden off the colour. In this way, your manicure will look better and last longer.

Weak or breaking nails should be given a rest from nail varnish for at least three or four months, to allow the nail to grow strong again. Nightly massage with a vitamin nail restorative food during this time will strengthen the new nail. Nail colour for occasional wear on special dates is not entirely taboo, so long as the varnish is removed the same day as application.

Skin Cleansers

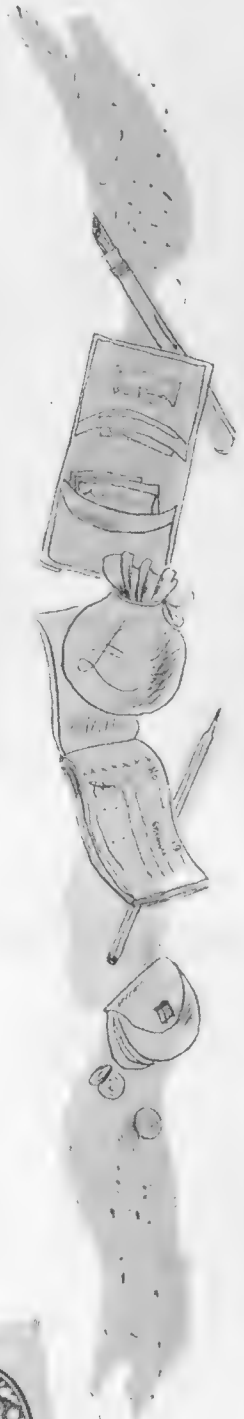
THE value of a cleansing milk as a beauty aid is not always fully appreciated. Many women use a cleansing milk as a valuable minute saver when there is time for no more than a quick cleanse and make-up, but this is not its only use.

A good cleanser should have high penetrative powers, which enables it to deep cleanse the pores. One beauty milk, just reappeared since before the war, combines this simple cleansing property with important rejuvenating, protective and curative properties. The active principle in this beauty milk is the oil of the avocado pear which is rich in vitamins A, D and E. This is one of the most penetrating oils known. It is therefore valuable in a beauty preparation where lubrication and penetration are essential.

It is well known that vegetable oils are more soothing to the skin than mineral oils. Further, oil of avocado pear has been found to exhibit skin-healing properties so that this cleanser can be safely used in cases of disturbed or sensitive skins where other cleansing agents are undesirable.

Money On The Side

Rising costs put an increasing pressure on the purse, and nearly every woman would like to find a profitable sideline



THIRTY - THOUSAND would - be knitters recently rushed to answer an appeal to make woollies for export. Few of them were up to the required standard. So they—and all the women who don't like knitting, whether they're good at it or not—have to find some other way of making some extra cash.

Here are some suggestions. Obviously they can't all apply to all women. Where you live, the *kind* of life you live, your age and natural abilities must all play a part in deciding just which money-making activity is best for you.

But three rules apply all the time. One: don't overcharge. Remember, in many cases you're out to undercut professionals. Two: see that you're good at what you're offering to do before you do it. If you're not, there will be no "repeat orders." Three: be prepared to make yourself known by advertising in your local paper and shop windows, and be *businesslike.* Work out certain days and hours for doing your job and stick to them. Now for the ideas.

Helping with home-perming is so obvious that no one has yet thought of it. This is a job which really needs another pair of hands, and asking a friend to help is really putting too great a strain on any friendship, so why not become a home-perm expert.

Children and pets both have money-making possibilities. Both come under the heading of "ties" and any service which you can offer to relieve parents and owners of their responsibilities for a while will be suitably appreciated. Give the schoolchildren tea when their mothers are out, working or shopping. Take them to the dentist. Provide a deliver-and-collect service to get the younger children to and from school. You can handle quite a large group for this.

Look after pets—from cats to chickens and canaries—so that their owners can go away.

A shopping service has snags. You must be fairly near the shops and need a pram or basket on wheels to bring the goods back, otherwise it's too wearing to be worth the candle. But properly organized, it can be a fine money-maker because it fills a real need.

Gardening for older people who can't manage the heavier work is worth thinking about. It does you good as well as them.

Turn yourself into a fitter. Dress-making from beginning to end is too big an undertaking for the average woman. But fitting—the most important contribution to a successful self-made dress—is fairly simple. Again this is something which would fill a real need, because no woman can fit herself satisfactorily and husbands are notoriously bad at the job.

Be a sitter-in for old people as well as babies. Many married couples who have old people living with them don't like to leave them alone. You might even occasionally organize some old people's tea parties. The old people enjoy themselves and the relatives pay.

A good home cook might not be able to run a restaurant. But she could do some party catering. Customers provide the ingredients. She does the cooking and delivers the goods.

Another party idea is to organize a complete party for teenagers. Parents would be most relieved, and you don't have to worry too much about the furniture, if you put away all precious things and keep the room as clear as possible. Just because it *is* your home, the host or hostess will be more careful and will see that the guests are.

Some paying jobs need a bit of study before you can get going on them, but they're worth it because they pay well.

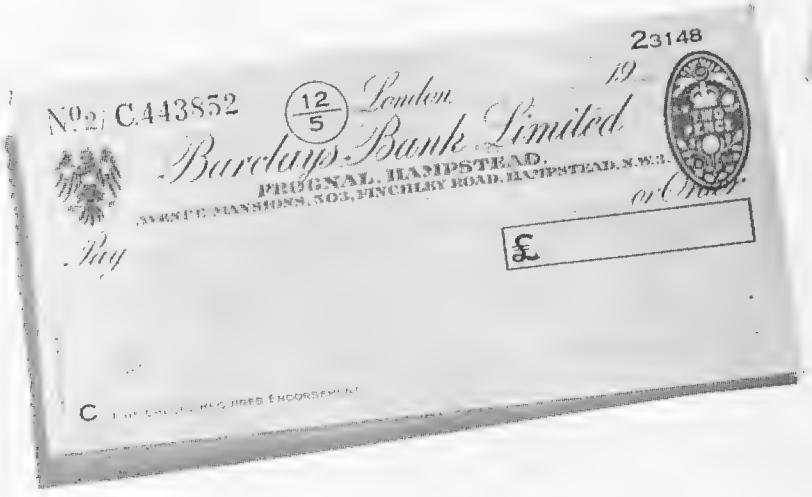
Hat-making is one. A well-made hat is still very expensive to buy. Learn how to make hats at evening millinery classes and then turn out "models" for the neighbourhood—customers providing their own hoods and trimmings.

Making loose covers and curtains is another. True, this needs a machine, but if you have that you have all the equipment necessary, apart from a bit of know-how.

And home-decorating is a third. Practise on your own place before you become a "professional." Limit yourself to distempering if you like—it's easier than painting.

Rug-making (*Continued on page* 66)

By Janet Grey



Curve Control

Face the facts of your figure. Choose your foundations with discretion and give the top dressings their best chance to flatter

By Lorna Lewis

THE importance of a good figure-line is greater than ever this season when skirts are narrow and straight cut, dresses are sheathed and the neckline still plunges. Much depends on the foundation garment whether it be a corselette, belt and bra or corset.

With modern improvement in corsetry, both in material and size range, it ought to be possible for most people to find ready-made garments which combine comfort, hip discipline, bosom uplift and a snug waistline; though some figures must always have foundation garments specially built.

WHAT is the best way to choose a suitable "foundation"? Either you can place yourself trustfully in the hands of the saleswoman, or you can try to know something of what you want, and co-operate in getting it. The last is the best policy, because not all saleswomen are experts. The war made a gap in the replacement of older women and held up the training of young ones in the delicate art and technical skill of "foundation" fitting, though good firms are to-day working up their training-schools again.

HERE are a few general hints which may help you in the laying of a good foundation. First, ask yourself what figure type are you? Manufacturers divide figures into three basic types: slender, average and broad. Within these types the best corsetières have a variety of fittings to suit, say, large hips, low waist, high waist, prominent seat, etc. One well-known firm makes a special "midi" belt—a high-waisted garment which comes up to the midriff and prevents "rib rolls." But not all manufacturers go in for this wide range. So the average retail saleswoman, finding corset "A" does not quite fit, hurriedly produces corset "B" made by a different firm, or suggests another model altogether. It is therefore best to aim at a good quality make, even if it costs a little more than you intended, because you will probably get a wider choice of fittings.

THIS leads to Point 2. Don't skimp on corsetry costs. A top-price suit or dress may lose half its value through a poor belt or bras. You would not spoil an expensive appearance by cheap shoes or stockings; because it doesn't show in the strict sense why economize on what is underneath but equally perhaps even more important? And do go all out and buy two foundations alike—one on and one off is both hygienic and economical. By "resting" the garment you extend the life of it.

Suit by MARCUS

Controlled contours give to the ease and comfort of a good sweater the charm of more sophisticated garments. In the same way a well-cut suit depends for ultimate perfection upon the figure inside

Thirdly, unless you are flat as a pancake—and even perhaps then—you must be prepared to fit or be fitted in the shop; and here be firm and use your common sense—realize you just *can't* pinch in that extra inch. Alternately, don't be persuaded by any saleswoman that you are comfortable when you yourself know you are not. With the best will in the world she can't *feel* for you. And for "fit" remember also "sit." You may stand with perfect line and comfort, but when you sit down—does your roll-on roll up, your corselette pucker in the middle or your belt scrape your ribs? Does your bra sag?

Don't forget that if you are on the plump side your "foundation" should come just below your seat, not nip it half way. Your bra must be deep to overlap the top of the belt and avoid the suggestion of bicycle tyres round your middle and must also give you a good lift. A plumpish figure may prefer a corselette, but a properly-cut two-piece should serve equally well, if not better, for suspenders incline to pull down the corselette and bring with it the full bosom which so especially needs support from a strong and shapely bra. "Support," not "constriction," is the operative word here.

Corsetry used to be heavy, ugly and forbidding in appearance. Modern tendencies are increasingly for lightweight materials, good stitching and finishing.

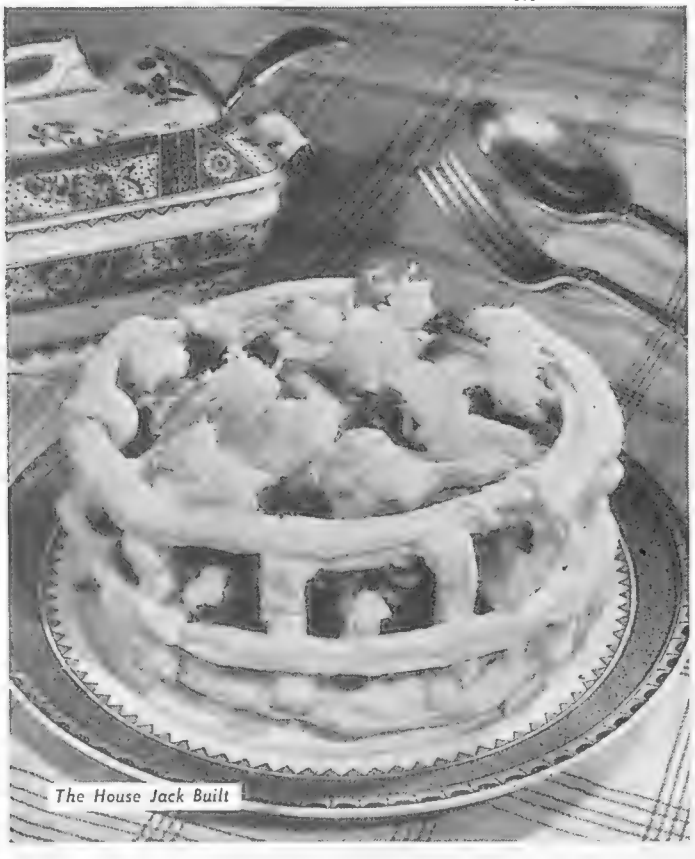
Finally, common sense is your best weapon in choosing your belt or bra. Face the facts of your figure, don't expect miracles from any foundation garment, but give it a chance.

Dish Of The Month

ONE of the more tasty vegetables available in February and one which adapts itself to a number of uses, is the Jerusalem artichoke. They are good in soup, for which you boil them in milk and thicken, and they combine excellently with cheese for savoury dishes. They also make a pleasant vegetable and, if well boiled and served with a good white sauce, artichoke purée can well be introduced to provide flavours in rissoles, etc. They are also good made into chips and fried. To prepare they should be skinned and boiled in water with a little vinegar added so that they retain their whiteness: for the same reason use a hair-sieve, not a wire one for purée. Here is a simple and very tasty dish made with artichokes.

Boil 1 lb. of artichokes: strain and beat to pulp or put through sieve; add two ounces of crumbs; 1 egg well beaten, seasoning and a gill of milk. Put in well greased mould; steam 1 hour. Turn out; serve with tomato sauce and surround with creamed corned beef. This is also good served with cheese sauce and creamed fish.

Snow Mountain Pudding



The House Jack Built

Good Cooking

Cookery

By Harriet Muir

WE cooks have long lamented the hardship of having to produce good meals without good materials. But there is one most valuable form of food to-day with which we score over the good old days. At least we have the manifold resources of "canned foods"—which have now really come into their own in this country. Our choice of recipe no longer has a seasonal limit. To introduce a certain flavour to a sauce or stew we have only to open a tin of soup instead of preparing a purée or vegetable base which may be out of season. Cooking out of tins should not be regarded merely as a labour-saving expedient with the food served just as it comes. Canned foods given a little imaginative enrichment, can be first-class food, but we do have our cooking simplified; yet with the touch of the unexpected which is always the test of the good meal. My first recipe shows how chicken flavour can be introduced by the use of chicken soup.

HAM CROQUETTES WITH CHICKEN SAUCE

Ingredients: 4 oz. minced ham (sausage may be substituted); 1 tin green peas; ¾ pint chicken soup prepared from packet or tin; 1 oz. margarine; tablespoonful flour; 2 oz. breadcrumbs, or noodles in the case of soup containing them.

Thicken a gill of soup with margarine and flour. Mix together ham and a small cupful of peas, crumbs or noodles. When cold shape into rounds; coat with egg or milk and brown crumbs; fry in hot fat till golden both sides. Thicken remaining broth with heaped dessertspoonful of flour. Heat rest of peas in melted margarine. Serve croquettes on a bed of peas. Garnish with lemon and serve with chicken sauce.

THE HOUSE JACK BUILT

Ingredients: 8 oz. short pastry; 1 tin of meat; small tin of mushrooms; mashed potato; 2 rashers of bacon; tin of french beans.

Prepare pastry basket as follows. Grease outside of medium-sized cake tin. Roll out pastry. Cover bottom and ½ inch of side of tin with pastry. Cut a strip of pastry ½ inch wide and press round top edge of tin. Join with short strips of pastry 1½ inches apart and seal joins with milk. Lay a second long strip

Rich And Warming

FEBRUARY is the month when we need to build strong fortifications against the cold. Here the cook can help by providing warm and substantial food. With very little meat in the diet a nourishing soup, followed by a really good steamed or baked pudding gives bulk and heating properties. On these occasions, however, when the pudding is the main feature of the meal, there should be no stinting of the good materials which are energy giving and cold resisting. Be generous with fats and sugar and, when possible, introduce fruits, dried or otherwise. When you can spare an egg, it gives the pudding the benefit of this extra nourishment.

Finally, let the substantial sweets be pleasing to the eye. An appetizing look can be introduced into the stereotyped contours of the pudding basin which conceals the almost inevitable ingredients.

These recipes are designed to provide such nutriment as to make a meal in themselves whilst avoiding the solidity of puddings over-weighted with starch.

SNOW MOUNTAIN PUDDING

Ingredients: 3 oz. flour; 3 oz. breadcrumbs; 2 oz. suet; 2 or 3 macaroons; a little milk; teaspoonful baking powder; 2 heaped tablespoonfuls marmalade; 2 oz. demerara sugar; 1 egg yolk; pinch bicarbonate of soda.

For meringue: 1 egg white; tablespoonful castor sugar; tablespoonful desiccated coconut.

Well grease a pudding basin and cover bottom with about an ounce of crushed macaroon and a little marmalade. Add breadcrumbs to flour and mix in suet and sugar and remaining macaroons broken in small pieces and dipped in sherry. Beat egg and mix in together with bicarbonate of soda, dissolved in about a tablespoonful of milk; beat well. Put into pudding basin; tie up and steam 3 hours. Turn out; let cool a little. Whisk egg white stiffly with a tablespoonful of castor sugar and a pinch of baking powder; fold in a tablespoonful of desiccated coconut. Pile high on top of pudding, pulling up a peak and spread roughly over sides of pudding. Put in low oven, Regulo 2 or 175° F., to reheat pudding and set meringue. Serve with sherry sauce.

GINGER AND DATE PUDDING

Ingredients: 6 oz. flour (self-raising); 1 egg; 3½ oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 2 oz. crystallized ginger; about a tablespoonful milk; cupful of dates; ½ teaspoonful ground ginger; 2 tablespoonfuls crushed cornflakes.

Cream together margarine and sugar, beat in egg. Add baking powder and ground ginger to flour. Beat into mixture, adding enough milk to make a stiff mixture. Cut crystallized ginger up small and mix in. Turn into well greased pie dish; bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F., about 40 minutes. Meanwhile, heat and soften dates in a small pan with about a tablespoonful of (*Continued on page* 68)

From Tins

round centre of tin and another round top, sealing on to down strips and making a lattice. Wherever pastry meets press together firmly, moistening strips with milk. Place tin upside down on baking tin and bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., about ½-hour. When cooked, slip tin out of pastry case. Have ready meat heated in a little of its own gravy thickened and flavoured with cider, four pieces of fried bacon and mushrooms heated in a little margarine with chopped parsley; hot, mashed potato, and a small tin of french beans. Lay layer of meat in bottom of case; cover with french beans, lay bacon and mushroom on top. Put potato in a forcing bag and decorate with rosettes of potato and fill in gaps of lattice here and there with rosettes. Return to oven (moderate) for a few minutes in fireproof dish to heat and set potato.

STUFFED CARROTS

Ingredients: 1 tin sliced carrots; 1 tin brislings; 4 oz. grated cheese; 2 oz. flour; 4 oz. mashed potato; a few tinned peas; seasoning; a little milk.

Make potato cakes with flour, potato, 3 oz. of cheese and seasoning and milk to form dough. Shape into ovals and fry in hot fat. Heat large, lengthway slices of carrot a few minutes. Scoop out a shallow trench down centre of each. Lay a few peas along each, put a brisling on top. Sprinkle with grated cheese; put under a grill a few minutes to cook cheese. Lay a carrot on each oval potato cake. Decorate with parsley.

HERRINGS IN BLANKETS

Ingredients: Tinned herrings in tomato; ½ pint frying batter; tinned or fresh spinach.

Cut herrings in neat pieces; coat well in thick batter and fry till crisp and brown in smoking-hot fat. Serve with creamed spinach.

Stuffed Carrots

Promises and many false premises are forthcoming on the subject of sex determination, but responsible medical opinion holds that no human power can decide the age-old question, what will it be . . .

Boy or Girl?

By

Dr. Rose May, M.D.

BELIEVE it or not, primitive man had no idea of the part he played in reproducing his own children. Within living memory explorers discovered a remote race of South Sea Islanders who did not realize that human babies arrived in consequence of human mating. From the time, far back in history when men had once grasped simple biological facts, they never stopped trying to influence the sex and characteristics of their future offspring. Any steps taken to achieve these ambitions are doomed to failure because science has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that sex, appearance, talent and intellect are ordained from the very moment the parent cells unite to form a new young life. Obviously the wishes of many couples are fulfilled and they are blessed with boys or girls, dark or fair, practical or gifted children exactly as they hoped, but the sex had already been decided by chance, external features and inborn traits by inheritance.

OUR bodies are made up of countless microscopic cells continuously dividing to replace those which die. Just before division occurs the nucleus or core occupying the centre of the cell breaks into numerous small fractions. The number of these pieces is invariably the same for any particular living species and human cells are distinguished from all others because they contain precisely forty-eight fragments. When the male and female egg cells split, instead of keeping the forty-eight pieces they shed half, and the remaining two cells contain only twenty-four fragments each, or as they are called scientifically, "chromosomes." The fertilized egg resulting from the union of these two parent cells carries twenty-four paternal and twenty-four maternal chromosomes together, making the indispensable forty-eight from which only a human baby can begin to develop.

Chromosomes could be described as the essential sparks of life. Each one bears its own distinguishing features which will characterize the child after birth and illustrates the proverbial saying, "No two of us are alike." Of the twenty-four paternal chromosomes in the male cell, one smaller than the others has a job of settling the ever interesting speculation, boy or girl?

At every mating the future father expels the astronomical figure of one hundred million spermatozoa or sperm cells, half of which carry either one "X" or one "Y" sex determinating chromosome. Out of these millions of spermatozoa only one will penetrate the solitary female egg or ovum quietly awaiting this event in the mother's womb. Whether an "X" or "Y" type of spermatozoa fertilizes the ovum is a matter of chance, but from that moment the infant's sex is decided.

The mother, therefore, has nothing to do with the question of the sex of her child which, though quite outside his sphere of influence, obviously depends entirely upon the father.

ALL theories and suggestions which aim at producing a child of desired sex are fallacious, whether they are concerned with mating at a particular phase of the moon, drinking potent medicine, eating special foods, or the ages of the parents. Fortunate folk whose baby obliges by being the much-wanted son or daughter have only to thank their stars for such a happy issue. Any conception has a fifty-fifty chance of producing a male or a female child and there is little hope that we shall ever be able to sway the result. This may be a good thing, otherwise the world might become so over-populated with either men or women that the continuance of the race would be imperilled.

"Genes" are inheritance factors. They are ultra-microscopic particles existing in the chromosomes, and as every fertilized egg contains forty-eight chromosomes it must contain a full set of these inborn factors derived half from the father and half from the mother. There are two types of inherited features, the first being those which everyone possesses and which distinguish the young as members of the human race. The position of the head and limbs, the way the hair grows, the shape of the features and other innumerable distinctive characteristics indicate that the newly arrived little creature is a baby and not a puppy, kitten or doe. This fact provides one simple theoretical explanation of the fundamental law that like breeds like. If a cat and dog were mated the fertilized egg would die, because it would not contain the necessary complete set of characteristics indispensable for the development of either animal. Individuals of the same species cross without difficulty, as marriages between the coloured and white races prove, and it is possible though difficult, to cross species which are remotely related like the horse and the donkey. The fact, however, that the resulting offspring cannot breed shows that Nature does not intend evolution to occur in this manner. Then there are the secondary

(*Continued on page 72*).

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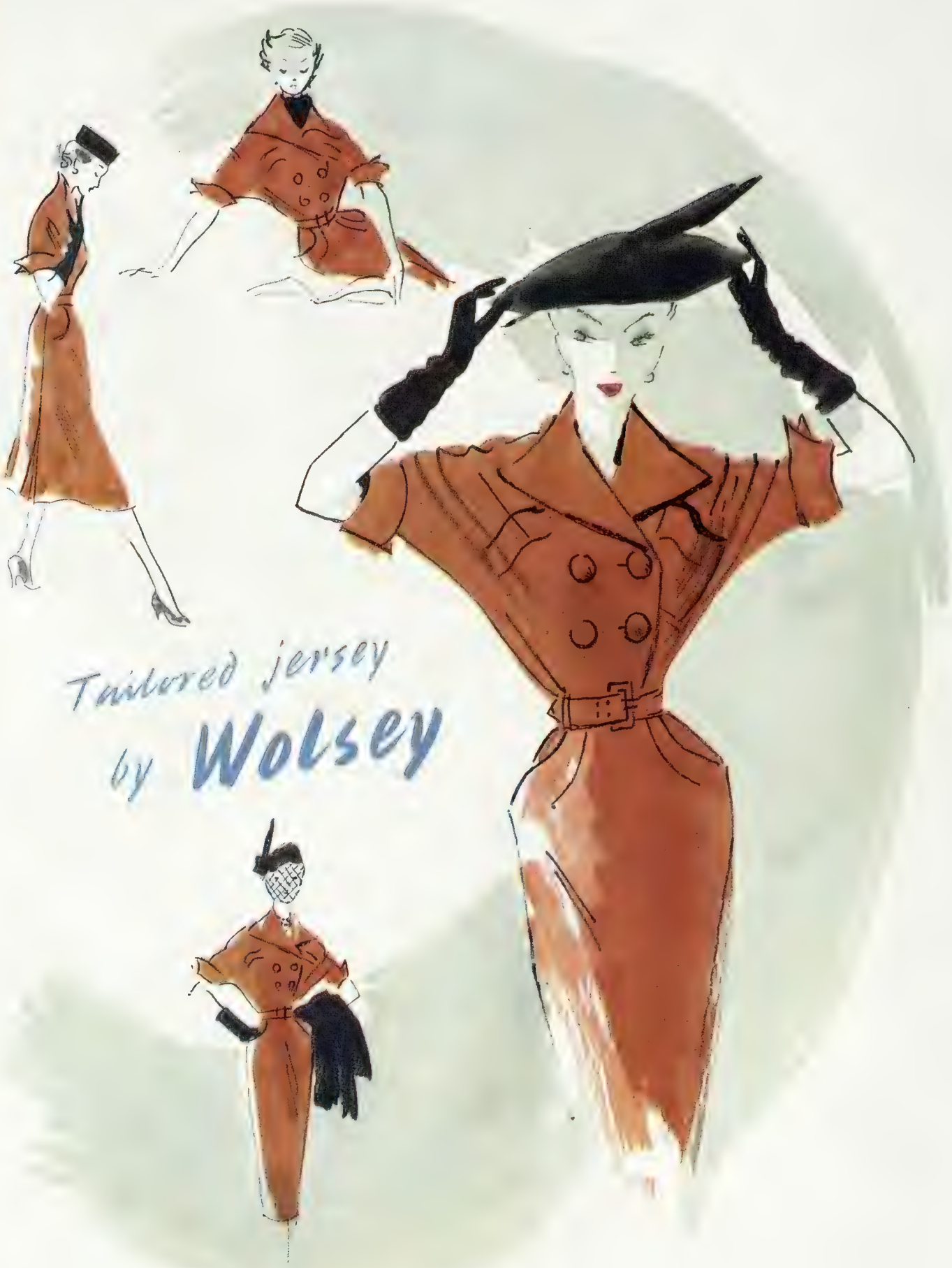
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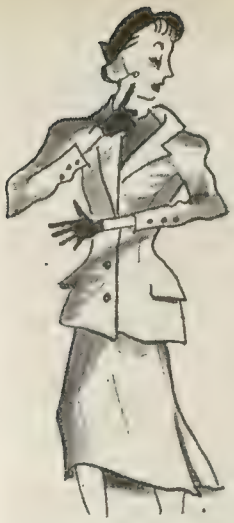

Sizing You Up

The term "Off the peg" has the ring of doom for women who are not built according to the clothing manufacturers' conception of the female form, but MURIEL SEGAL tells us there is hope for the future

HOW often is one able to say of any garment "I just walked out of the shop in it"? Not often. Even the fortunate few with stock size figures seem to find the need for adjustments here and there to ready-made garments. We have grown to accept it as inevitable, but why? Is it that we are all grotesquely mis-shapen or are the manufacturers at fault?

The truth is that "sizing" in this country is a long neglected science. Manufacturers and trade associations are happily becoming more aware of it and there are some interesting movements afoot to make improvement.

The arguments in favour of a full-scale campaign on the sizing situation are many. Prodigious quantities of material and skilled labour are being dissipated on misfit garments. The buying public wastes time and money, not to speak of nervous energy, on the eternal search for a good fit. Fitters who are in charge of the busy alteration departments in every shop and store are wasting their skill on problems that should never arise. It is a sad, sad plight.

So, the disclosure that something constructive is being done about it will ring joybells in every feminine ear. As a beginning, the British Standards Institution has devised a National Sizing Code based on genuine body sizes with clearly indicated numbers which say what they mean and mean what they say. Manufacturers and producers have pooled their experience and worked out an average sizing of women's and children's figures. For women, the system is based on size and bust measurements, and for children on weight and height instead of age. This makes sense.

The scheme is good and helpful as far as it goes, inasmuch as it promises more uniformity of sizing and the customer will enjoy the same standards of fitting in Manchester as she does in Torquay, rather than finding herself a "Small Lady" in one place and a "Junior Miss" in another. Even so, there is more to be done and it is recognized in manufacturing circles that the current female figure has undergone a change and that old sizing systems are inadequate.

AN important step forward has been taken by the Clothing Industry Council which has established a panel pledged to institute a new conception of the normal average figure. One of its tasks is to decide whether sizing should be ruled by bust measurement or whether this is unrelated to the overall measurements of the figure.

"Off the peg clothes" have long been successfully produced in the United States for women with all the well-known figure irregularities. Why can't we achieve as much?

The limiting factor in our own production scene is, of course, our smaller population. Gigantic sales in America make it possible for the manufacturer to reduce production costs, thus making it economically possible to turn out wider varieties of styles and sizes.

THE crying need of the moment, judging from the lamentations of women is for shoes to fit long, narrow feet, dresses for women who are stout and short as well as for those with long bodies and short legs. The list of "wants" is pretty formidable, but the price of clothes, if nothing else, justifies a claim for a reasonable fitting and, at last, the clothing industry, aided by the Board of Trade, is making a real endeavour to meet the need.

Fashions In Furniture—1851

(*Continued from page 25*)

ends can be seen the origin of the attractive and pleasing book ends of the present age.

Another over-elaborate but rather more practical item of furniture on display in that vast exhibition was called "The Companion Chair." This was a triple seat affair, formed in S-shaped fashion, in which three people could be seated (perhaps not comfortably !) for conversation—or feminine gossip.

The woodwork frame of the chair was carved in a delicate design, the upholstery being carried out in rich tapestry; while the top and base of the chair were hung with heavy silk fringe which enhanced the appearance of the railed chair back. An ornamental flower vase which formed a centre piece for this rather fascinating piece of furniture, gave balance to the whole structure.

I understand that such a chair was placed in the centre of the withdrawing-room. The scent of roses, the frou frou of silken gowns, completes the picture of elegant leisure suggested by "The Companion Chair" which was used by our Victorian ancestors.

A curiously complicated and ornate piece of furniture was displayed in the Swiss section of the 1851 Exhibition. This was known as a "Lady's mechanical escritoire" —or writing desk. It was made in whitewood, and contained seventeen drawers, all of which were locked by one key. The writer could sit, or stand, to write her letters or memoirs, and this choice of position was achieved by the use of a mechanical device, which, when operated, allowed the upper part of the desk to disappear, thus enabling the writer to sit at the desk.

Rather like an organ in appearance this over-ornate piece of furniture is redeemed from tawdriness by the exquisite and elaborate carving depicting,

". . . the rustic economy of alpine life of the inhabitants of Switzerland."

Fortunately the craftsman of 1851 gave no thought to economy of beauty—or time—when he indulged in such "orgies of carving" as a modern writer puts it.

To sit at this fascinating desk would tend to inspire the writer of to-day with day-dreams, rather than a flow of written words ! And incredible though it may seem, there was on view at the Great Exhibition a large easy chair which was known as "The Day Dreamer." The framework was made of paper mâché, and most elaborately decorated with emblems, signs and portents of sleep—accompanied by pleasant or horrific dreams; according to which side of the chair the sleeper leaned, we imagine ! For on top of the chair are two figures representing winged thoughts; one is crowned with roses, and has "bird-like pinions" and represents happy and joyous dreams, while the other figure has "leathern bat-like wings" representing unpleasant and troublesome dreams.

Behind the chair is displayed Hope under the figure of the rising sun, and the twisted supports at the back of the chair are ornamented with poppy, heartsease, convolvulus and snowdrops; "all emblems of the subject."

The design of the ornamentation is Italian, and rich in imaginative quality. Certainly "The Day Dreamer" gives full play to our imagination and curiosity as to the possible occupants of such a fantastic chair in an age when there was time for day-dreaming !

Was it Papa who ensconced himself in the depths of the chair, to ruminate upon the delicious and ample dinner which had insidiously rendered him an easy victim to those nightmarish "leathern bat-like wings?"

Or did Mamma spread her dainty crinolined gown, and fold her white hands gently in her lap, before giving herself up to the "winged thought" who took her to the land of happy and joyous dreams of Victorian domestic felicity?

And what better place than such a chair, in which to receive a proposal of marriage from the young man — of mamma's choosing?

But perhaps after all, it was little Alice who curled herself up in "The Day Dreamer" before she sallied forth to meet the White Rabbit, the Mad Hatter, and the Duchess who shouted, "Off with her head !" just as Alice awoke to find herself safe and sound in this kind of enchanted chair.

We shall never know who occupied "The Day Dreamer." But we do know that the heavy and ornate furniture of 1851 has no place in our present day "design for living."

With scarcity of space, our furniture must conform to a style which encompasses comfort and beauty of line of considerably smaller dimensions than those of the furniture displayed in the Great Exhibition of 1851.

And I feel sure that Queen Victoria would again be much "bewildered" if she could see the furniture of modern design which will be displayed in the Festival of Britain Exhibition of 1951

END

Acted Off Stage

(*Continued from page 27*)

when you coo at me, darling. You haven't been expelled? You aren't considering elopement? Then for heaven's sake have mercy and put me out of my suspense."

"Well . . . it's Daddy. You know how he goes off the deep end about certain things which aren't important at all. Like when he caught me reading *Forever Amber*, and locked it in his desk."

"You've found the key?"

"He keeps it in his tobacco jar, if you haven't read Amber, but it isn't only that. I'm just proving how narrow-minded he can be, though you wouldn't think so from his plays. He actually refused to give me tickets for the first night of *Decree Rescinded*, though Nita Forsyth, who plays the girl who has to choose between a drunken father and an immoral mother, can't be much older than I."

"Nita may look like a teen-girl," said Marion, "but she's twenty-four. And *Decree Rescinded* puts forward a very advanced sociological theory."

"I know all about it," said Vicky impatiently. "This house was full of it for months, and I used to listen every evening at the dining-room door while the cast went over their parts with Daddy. My point is his bigotry where I'm concerned. He wants one law for the Medes and another for the Persians, and that's unreasonable, isn't it?"

"I'm not committing myself until I know where we're going."

Vicky couldn't keep her secret to herself any longer. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed with excitement.

"I'm going on the stage !"

"Agreed," said Marion, "and I'm going to help you. We'll talk Gerald into sending you to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art when you leave school and then—fame !"

"I can't wait for it. I'm starting my career on Monday."

"Oh !"

"In *Decree Rescinded*. At the local repertory theatre. Tod Hughes, the manager, has offered me the part of the daughter."

"Oh !" said Marion, feeling the quicksands shifting under her feet.

"I've been rehearsing every evening, after school"

"Vicky, was that——"

"Please don't ask me if it was playing the game to do all this behind Daddy's back, because when your career is at stake everything's fair. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Shakespeare wrote that, and this is my tide."

"Byron paraphrased it, Vicky, with: 'There is a tide in the affairs of women, which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where.'"

"Thanks, Marion, but I prefer Shakespeare."

Faced with her first domestic problem as wife and mother, Marion saw no easy solution. Gerald would be furious. Vicky knew it; and was trying to sign her up as an ally. If she sided with Vicky, there would be trouble with Gerald, and if she went against Vicky the slender link of friendship between them, which she had planned to forge into a good, stout chain, might be snapped.

As an actress who had found success the hard way, she sympathized with Vicky; as a wife, all her sympathies were with Gerald. It was one thing to write daring matrimonial dramas, but quite another to have one's teen-age daughter starring in them.

Vicky saw her dilemma, and turned on the heat.

"If a girl can't ask her mother for help, who *can* she ask? You're only just married, Marion, so he ought not to be able to refuse you anything. This is my big chance !"

"Let's get this straight," Marion suggested. "This is my first night in your house, and you're asking me to take sides against your father on a most important issue. I ask you, Vicky, isn't that a bit unscrupulous?"

"It may be, but I can't afford to wait while you get acclimatized. The bills for next week's show go up to-morrow, and Tod Hughes says he must have Daddy's consent first."

Thank heaven for that, thought Marion. She said, "You must speak to Gerald at dinner. If I can't do anything else, I'll referee the fight."

"That isn't good enough. I expect you to be in my corner, shouting for me. We've got to work together, Marion, or . . . apart."

Marion recognized the ultimatum, and while she resented the tactics she was forced to admit that, from Vicky's point of view, they were justifiable. When you were seventeen and wanted something badly, you weren't over-scrupulous.

As she dressed, she worried. Neutrality wasn't a very safe line. After the fight, winner and loser generally turned on the referee.

AT first Gerald Warren thought his daughter was pulling his leg. When he realized she wasn't, he exploded.

"Are you crazy, Vicky? Do you think I'd let the manager of a third-rate repertory company exploit my daughter in one of my own plays? And *Decree Rescinded*, at that ! You'd make a fool of yourself and of me !"

Vicky was pale, but her mouth was stubborn and the light of battle shone in her eyes.

"Why should I make a fool of anybody? I can act. I know the part. I can put it across as well as Nita Forsyth."

"To my knowledge you've never seen Miss Forsyth act. If you had, you wouldn't make such daft claims."

"I went to see her in *Decree Rescinded* twice, and as you wouldn't get me tickets I sat in the pit."

Gerald half rose, but at a glance from Marion he sat down again. He was a tall, wiry man who lived on his nerves, and at the moment they were considerably frayed.

"Listen, Vicky." With an effort, he spoke calmly. "We aren't going to quarrel on Marion's first night with us, are we? If you've disobeyed my wishes in the past I'll overlook it, although if I'd known at the time I might have forgotten that you were a young lady of seventeen and treated you like a naughty infant. I'll have a word with Tod Hughes, and you can forget this."

"Forget it !" Vicky gave a jarring laugh that was pure theatre. "This is my *chance*, Daddy ! I can't back out now. The bills are printed and go up to-morrow. Look !"

She produced a poster from her lap and unfolded it, and Marion had to suppress a wild desire to laugh. Vicky's name was in flaring red letters (*Continued on page 58*)

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ARDENA VITAMIN CREAM

This is the wonderful cream that keeps great international beauties looking young and beautifully cared for. The super rich oils work sheer magic on faces and necks where age signs threaten. For the first time, a rich cream is also a surprisingly light cream, and as you mould it on easily, threatening age lines in those danger areas around mouth, eyes, forehead and throat respond readily. Begin tonight to keep your birthdays young with Ardena Vitamin Cream. *Write to Elizabeth Arden for detailed advice*

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while Gerald, as author of the play, appeared in very small black letters.

"I told Tod Hughes your name ought to be bigger, Daddy, but he says I'm the local attraction."

Gerald glowered at the poster.

"Very nice. And now you've seen your name in print you'd better tear it up and forget all about it, before you're expelled from school and I'm black-listed at my clubs. No more nonsense, Vicky. You'd better go to bed."

"Marion!" Vicky's voice was husky. "You promised. . . ."

"I'm sorry, Vicky. I didn't promise anything."

Vicky gave her one last look as she left the room. A look which plainly said, "All right! I won't forget or forgive. You've let me down when I most wanted your help."

It was such a disastrous start to her domestic life that tears stung Marion's eyes. She knew exactly what Vicky was feeling, and she couldn't blame her. And she couldn't blame Gerald.

"I'm sorry about this," he was saying. "Vicky's as stubborn as a mule when she wants her own way, but of course it's utterly impossible. Thank goodness I've got you, Marion, to help with her."

"I haven't helped yet. I . . . wonder if I can."

After a few minutes, Marion went up to Vicky's room, but the door was locked. She called, softly.

"Vicky, dear—I've been thinking it over. Is your heart so set on this?"

"You know it is!" came the muffled reply.

"All right. I'll ask your father to give his consent. It'll be the first thing I've ever asked him, as his wife, so he can't refuse."

"Oh! Marion!"

"I'll come up later, and tell you."

GERALD strode heavily up and down the room, stopping once to hammer his clenched fist on the table. His voice was like thunder.

"This is outrageous, Marion! That you, my own wife, should side against me with my own daughter, in my own house, on the day I bring you home! It's . . . unforgivable!"

"I'm not asking forgiveness, Gerald." Marion's voice was summer lightning. "I'm asking you to give way as a favour to me—the first favour I've ever asked. Surely it isn't a high price to pay for peace and happiness in the home."

"I will not be blackmailed by Vicky, or by my wife! If I give way on this—what next? You're her mother now, Marion, and you'll have to develop a sense of responsibility instead of taking the easy way out. You can't agree with this—this monstrous proposal that my—our—daughter should be publicly slaughtered to make a repertory holiday!"

"Is it your play you're worrying about, Gerald, or Vicky? I suspect it's your pride as an author, and I can understand that, but . . . you've got to understand Vicky! This is her *chance*!"

STANDING outside the dining-room door in her dressing-gown, Vicky nodded or shook her head as the battle raged. Her heart was thumping and her hands were clasped together. With a thrill of guilt she realized that she had created a situation unrivalled in any of her father's problem plays.

"Her chance!" She heard the thud of Gerald's fist as it hit the table. "Her chance to make a fool of herself and of me! In this town I'm respected as a father and citizen. What normal father would allow his daughter to make an exhibition of herself in a play like *Decree Rescinded*?"

"She'll flop, of course," Marion agreed. "Nita Forsyth told me it was the hardest part she had ever played. But I'm selfish enough to prefer that Vicky should be disillusioned about herself than about me."

"A fine way for a mother to talk!" Gerald snarled. Yes, thought Vicky breathlessly—he actually snarled. "If Tod Hughes is smart enough to get some of the critics down to see the advent of my daughter in my play, God help us all! It'll be ruin and worse!"

"All the same, Gerald, I'm asking you!"

Vicky shivered as the glasses rattled on the table at the impact of Gerald's fist.

"No! No! And again—No!" he roared.

Contrasted with that bellow, Marion's voice tinkled like broken ice in a silver pail.

"Then it comes to this, Gerald. You say I can't judge what's best for Vicky, which means I'm not qualified to be her mother, which means I'm not the right woman to be your wife. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"A potter moulding clay has less skill than you, Marion, when it comes to twisting and moulding the truth into shapes to suit yourself!"

"For the last time, will you let Vicky appear?"

"For the last time—No!"

Vicky heard Marion's chair scrape as she pushed it back. Then came that fine, clear voice again, ringing with drama.

"As you wish, Gerald, but—this is the end! Curtain!"

Silence . . . then a rasping gasp.

"No, Marion! Not that! If you really love me——"

"Love? You talk of love? You, who frustrate my merest whim, you who reproach me for putting your daughter's happiness before my own? Oh, hard, cruel man, at last my eyes are opened!"

"Marion! What—what are you going to do?"

"I," said Marion, "am going home to mother!"

Acted Off Stage

It was a line more used in musical comedy than drama, but she put it across with all the grandeur of renunciation, so that it echoed and throbbed through the house like a lament on a Highland moor.

And to Vicky's listening ears came the sound of a muffled, masculine sob. Her father, her tough, temperamental father, had broken down and was sobbing like a little child!

It was more than she could bear. What were fame and fortune compared to the happiness of these she loved? And . . . supposing she *did* flop, as Marion had said? Her career would be ended before it began. . . .

She flew to the phone in the hall and got the number just as the dining-room door opened. Her voice rang out as loud and clear as Marion's.

"Mr. Tod Hughes? Oh, Mr. Hughes, this is Vicky Warren, and—I've decided not to take the part. No . . . it isn't only that, it's just that I think his plays aren't the best medium for me. Living with a playwright, you know, makes you out of tune. I'm sorry you're sorry. So am I."

She put back the receiver and turned, starting with simulated amazement at the sight of Gerald and Marion standing in the doorway, staring at her.

"Why, Vicky——" breathed Marion.

"Good kid!" said Gerald hoarsely. "That's the most sensible thing you've ever done, and I'll make you a promise—when you've been through school, we'll think about the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art."

"I've thought about it already, Daddy," said Vicky, with quiet dignity. "It might be better if you thought a little less of yourself and me, and more about Marion, who happens to be your wife, and . . . my mother!"

With this rebuke, she climbed the stairs with stately tread, her blue nightdress fluttering behind her.

Gerald drew Marion back into the dining-room.

"Darling—it worked! I know I hammed it, but you were wonderful. How did you know she'd be listening?"

"I happen to be another woman." Marion looked unhappy. "Gerald . . . it wasn't very fair. I feel guilty."

"Then don't, because you've saved Vicky from something far worse than disappointment. Only stark drama would have swerved her out of danger, and—we provided it. She didn't guess, and she need never know."

"She called me 'mother,'" said Marion slowly, "just as if I—I meant something to her. Gerald, darling, you'll have to watch your step. You've had your way in this, but from now on it'll be two to one."

He kissed her.

"It won't, sweetheart. It'll be three together."

END

Rumbles From The Rock (*Continued from page 28*)

said the inspector. They began to sing. The inspector stopped them. "You," he said, addressing my friend, "why aren't you singing?"

"I'll sing when those boys there"—he pointed to the seated boys—"sing!"

The inspector was beaten; the whole class stood up and sang. My friend, Hector Cavilla, the little "Rock Scorpion," understood the hearts of his people better than the official from Britain.

But why did Pierpoint hang those two Spaniards, you may be wondering? Well, you see, "Gib" was a pretty important place; never since 1704 when Admiral Rooke captured the Rock had it known such famous days as it did during the period immediately preceding the Anglo-American landing in North Africa.

Now it can be told how in September, 1939, Britain, fearing Franco might attempt to seize Gibraltar, the Rock was put into a State of Emergency. Most of the civilian population of some 20,000 were evacuated to Britain and Northern Ireland. Previously the guns of the fortress looked out to sea—Africa is a mere nine miles across the Straits—but now new defences had to be made; new galleries bored into the solid rock and guns mounted to face the mainland of Spain. Big reservoirs had to be dug to maintain a water supply in case of siege—all within the Rock itself.

Anti-aircraft batteries were mounted—as the Italians soon learned to their cost—but the great drawback to the fortress of Gibraltar was the lack of airfields. Such planes as did land and take off did so from the small racecourse on the edge of the Rock.

Now a British genius (Churchill is the gentleman's name) conceived the idea of building an airfield *seawards*, using the debris from the Rock where the new defences were built. Thus Gibraltar was the jumping off place for "Operation Torch."

Convoys from the Clyde, squadrons of planes from all over the place gathered at the Rock. Then Eisenhower arrived there by plane and took command.

The Germans had a spy-hole at La Linea, a large house from which they could see everything—until a shell from the U.S. cruiser *Trenton* "accidentally" knocked the house to smithereens.

The two Spaniards were hanged because they were caught red-handed trying to sabotage work in the dockyard, at the behest of their Hun masters. But it was too late. The "Torch" was lit and the operation went forward, but not until after there had been hectic scenes at Government House between Eisenhower and Giraud. The gallant old French general thought *he* ought to be in charge; he snapped his fingers at North Africa; switch the attack to France, *he* said!

After writing this brief account of those spacious war days in "Gib," it is somewhat sad to have to record the aftermath; the glitter and the glamour has died away, now the "Rock Scorpions" are embittered; they think—rightly or wrongly—that the sacrifices they made to help win the war have been overlooked and forgotten, and undoubtedly they have a number of legitimate grievances.

When the Gibraltarians left home to spend several years in enforced exile they left behind them comfortable homes. When they came back after victory was won the majority found themselves to be homeless; not that their homes had (*Continued on page 61*)

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Rumbles From The Rock

been destroyed — there was comparatively little material war damage—but the flats and villas were now occupied by dockyard workers who had been brought in from Spain and also by British Government officials and members of the Armed Forces.

Never mind, said the Government in effect; we will build you more and better homes. Those who had come from exile in Britain rubbed their noses reflectively and were heard to murmur: "We've heard that one before."

A housing scheme known as "Governor's Meadow" was launched. One thousand dwellings were to be built at a cost of three-quarters of a million pounds. In June, 1950, the scheme had already cost £2¼ million and all there was to show for that were 472 flats.

The "Rock Scorpions" have hitherto lived tax free; Rock revenues came from port dues and such indirect taxation as was obtained from a tax on tobacco and spirits. Now those happy, carefree days are gone. After much wailing and gnashing of teeth a Trade Tax was put into operation, calculated to produce £30,000 per year, but the Gibraltarians protest that about 10,000 Spaniards who "come inside" to work daily, and who live across the frontier in Spain, pay nothing and they can purchase goods in Gibraltar cheaper than they can do in Spain.

Another and perhaps bigger grievance is that anyone born since 1900 of foreign parentage—*including* British—is legally regarded as an alien and cannot start up a business without a licence granted by an Advisory Board. The "Rock Scorpions" are ambitious people and there have been instances of the Board refusing to give local boys the opportunity of making good.

In point of fact this local law was not aimed at the Gibraltarians but at the Indians who at one time attempted to "invade" the Rock and set up shops, as they have done in South Africa.

While the wild monkeys chatter over the Rock, so near to and yet so far from the Africa from which their forebears came, other rumbles come out of the Rock. There is what is called the A.A.C.R. (Association for the Advancement of Civic Rights). The man behind this is the mayor, Mr. J. L. Hassan.

Mr. Hassan accuses the Government of breach of faith and claims that the people of Gibraltar have no real civic rights. This claim is based on the fact that the new Constitution for Gibraltar came into effect in November, 1950, but the Trade Tax to which I have referred came into force before the Constitution was legally in existence.

It is true that the tax had tremendous opposition, but whether the cry of: "No taxes without representation" which was set up by Mr. Hassan's supporters, had justification or not is another matter entirely.

The new Constitution provides for a Legislative Council of eleven members. Five are elected and six are chosen by the Governor who has a casting vote. It may be considered that Gibraltar, which after all is a British colony, is treated as a very backward British colony, which, in point of fact, it is not.

The truth of the matter is that Gibraltar has taken on a new lease of life as a British strategic strongpoint. In the between-wars period it was in the doldrums; armchair military and naval critics at home pondered that the lack of an airfield, and big guns mounted at Ceuta, in Spanish Morocco, made the Rock a back number, but "Operation Torch" changed all that.

Nevertheless, the rumblings are disconcerting. It is true that although Mayor Hassan has much support, it is very far from being one hundred per cent, yet when the mayor decided to boycott the King's birthday celebrations at Government House, and similar functions, he induced a number of his followers to abstain likewise; but examination of those followers showed they are of the employee class; the employers and the commercial fraternity are heard to mutter "Socialist!" when the mayor's name is mentioned.

Lovers of the paradox will find much to interest them in Gibraltar. For instance, nothing is done to attract British tourist trade, despite the fact that Gibraltar is in the sterling area. In fact, you might say that everything possible is done to discourage the tourist trade. If a visitor wishes to spend more than one night in Gibraltar, he has to obtain special police permission. Local hotel accommodation is not exactly welcoming, either. No wonder the shuttle airplane service—four trips daily—between Gibraltar and Tangier does very well.

Paradox number two: the Lottery. Gibraltar is the only spot in the British Commonwealth where a lottery is legal. It is held every Saturday morning; the draw is in public and takes place at noon. British football pools have their fans on the Rock, so has the Spanish National Lottery, but that takes place monthly and finds an important competitor in this weekly affair.

Paradox number three: Gibraltar is the only place in the world where there is a Freemason's Lodge consisting entirely of dissenting Roman Catholics.

Yes, a strange place, an exciting and important place is Gibraltar. Rumbles may come from the Rock, but I do not think that Mayor Hassan will ever make a volcano out of it.

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END

Gangway For Joe Verdock (*Continued from page* 19)

to make a killing and go back to Helen.

I am Joe Verdock! his mind seemed to shout. *This is my world!* The words echoed within him like a cry in a cave. *This is my world! Mine! Mine!*

THE liner was coming up the river next morning when Joe awoke. He watched it from his window. When the big ship was clear of the Pacific swells down went the anchor. The banana barges crowded in like suckling pigs. Tropic Fruit Company owned no boats of its own, but once a week when the big liners came up from the coast of Chile and Peru they loaded bananas on board for the fast run into New York City. It was all hand work at Tropic Station. Cleated gangways were set up from barge to ship and the loaders would hit them on the double, two stems to the man.

Alex Wilson was out in the launch with his megaphone shouting orders to the barges. It was only an hour after daybreak and already the sun threw a spotlight of heat on the scene. The river had the bright sheen of molten lead and the great white hull floated among the nimble sparks and stripes of fire upon the water.

Joe dressed hurriedly and went down to the dock. The entire camp was in a fever of excitement. Twelve thousand stems had to go on board, the first full shipment ever to leave Tropic Station. A hundred and fifty dark and sweating loaders jogged up and down the cleated runways.

Joe leaned idly against a lamp-post watching them load. Suddenly, without warning, he saw the start of a panic.

A loader was trotting up the runway. There was a shriek of horror as he dumped his bananas in the river. He paused long enough to shout to his companions, then dived in the water. An instant later the men from all the barges followed him. The water around the ship was full of splashing, yelling men.

Alex was in a frenzy, shouting through his megaphone. Not a man stopped to answer. They were swimming for the dock.

Alex rode over in the launch as the men climbed from the river. They shouted in a wild chorus, "*La Muerte Verde! La Muerte Verde!*"

The Green Killer! It was a cry of fear, of utter panic.

Alex tried to calm them, but the tumult increased. He reasoned. He argued. He pleaded with them. It was no use. They squeezed the water from their sweat rags and walked off the dock.

Joe sauntered over to Alex. The green killer was a legendary spider of Brazil, he found out. Never before had it been seen west of the Andes. According to rumour from the Amazon country, it was a small spider with a green body and yellow striped legs—about half the size of a tarantula. The name alone could cause a panic among the natives. Tarantulas were common enough in the coastal regions, sort of a minor nuisance. But the green killer—if you believed jungle superstition—was a deadly enemy of man along the equator. It sounded incredible, and yet Joe had witnessed the whole vivid scene.

An officer from the ship strode down the dock toward them.

"Say, Wilson," he demanded, "what about the rest of that cargo?"

"Help yourself," Alex said. "I'm licked!"

The officer turned on his heel.

Twenty minutes later the big ship weighed anchor and pulled out for Panama.

THERE was a commotion in the New York office of Tropic Fruit when they got the radiogram. Thirty-two hours later Mr. Thibault himself stepped off a plane at Guayaquil. Helen was with him, carrying her secretary's briefcase.

Thibault was a man of action. He had a look at the situation; the natives sitting in their thatched huts while twelve thousand bunches of bananas rotted in the sun. "Dump 'em," he ordered. Alex unloaded the barges with grapple hooks.

The next shipment of twelve thousand stems was due to sail in five days. Mr. Thibault called a conference. He summoned the reapers. They wouldn't cut. He called in the shoulder-men. They shook their heads. "No, *patrón*. No."

Thibault was desperate. Cables went out one after the other ordering insecticides, barrel pumps, fog sprays, D.D.T. "Everything air express," he shouted. "Mark it special rush!"

Joe hardly had a chance to speak to Helen. Several times he passed her in the corridor but she was always in a hurry. He sat across the table from her at lunch, but there was never an opportunity for a private word.

Late that afternoon he was in his room dressing for supper when he heard her on the balcony. She was laughing and her voice sounded merry.

"Oh, he's darling! He looks almost human," he heard her say.

"He is human. Only he hasn't learned to shave yet and his backbone is a couple of feet too long."

Joe looked out. Borell and Helen were standing at the far end of the balcony before the monkey's cage.

"Colonel Collins——" Helen said, "how did he ever get a name like that?"

"Well," Borell said in his slow voice, "he's a peculiar sort of monkey. He's afraid of the jungle. I used to know a fellow like that in Guadalcanal, so I call him Colonel Collins."

Borell placed the monkey inside a miniature tent in a far corner of the cage. "Hit the hay, Colonel," he said. "Lights out."

"Aren't you going to lock the door?" Helen asked.

"Naw. He won't run away. Besides, the Colonel has a lady friend."

Helen leaned against the balustrade laughing gaily. "Oh no! Are monkeys like that, too?"

"Of course. Lady Collins lives in the jungle. But she visits after dark. Once when the boys fed the Colonel too much beer she nursed him for two days. Then she disappeared. Some night she'll be back. I don't want the Colonel to miss anything."

The warning gong for supper sounded in the dining hall below.

"I've got to (*Continued on page* 62)

Gangway For Joe Verdock

change clothes for supper," Borell said. "Want to wait here and watch the sunset?"

"I'd love to."

The sun was half down in the Pacific. Darkness was already beginning to form in the jungle and spread beneath the banana trees. Helen stood at the gallery railing looking out over the grove.

"How do you like a sudden sunset?"

Joe was standing at her side when she turned.

She smiled at him. "I love it. It's always quick like this in the tropics, isn't it?"

Joe put his arms around her waist and pulled her towards him. "Everything happens suddenly here," he said.

"Don't Joe. Please don't."

He held on to her. "What's the matter, Helen? Don't you like your new admirer? I've changed. I'm a different person."

"I haven't changed," she said. "Not one bit."

"Don't pretend, Helen. You're ambitious, I know that. We're two of a kind. Some day I'll have a plantation like this, only bigger."

She pulled herself free of his arm. "I don't understand you any more, Joe. I used to think I did in New York. I even felt a little sorry. You weren't always boasting then."

"I'm just making plans, Helen. For both of us."

"Please leave me out."

"Now is that a nice way to talk when I've got a big surprise for you? This time tomorrow I'll have twenty thousand dollars. Or, should I say *we* will have?"

"I'm not interested."

"You're interested in seeing the men back at work, aren't you? And the end of this panic?"

"Of course."

"Do you think all those sprays and powders will do the trick?"

"Eventually they will. It may take several weeks to get things back to normal."

"It needn't, if Thibault weren't such a fool. I could have the men back at work in one day. I could do it all alone."

"Joe, you're talking nonsense."

"Am I?" He took her by the arm. "Come with me. I want to show you something."

In his room Joe selected a large volume from the book-shelves and opened it on the table before Helen. Then he went to a cupboard and unlocked it. When he returned he was carrying a glass jar with air holes punched in the lid.

"Take a look at that."

Helen gasped. Inside the jar were two green spiders with fine yellow stripes on their legs.

"Where did those horrid things come from?"

"From the east grove. I caught them myself."

"Oh, Joe! What a crazy thing to do."

Joe laughed. "They're not dangerous. That's nothing but jungle superstition. Here—look at this."

He pointed to a page in the book. "*Lycosa Tropica,*" he read aloud. "*A rare greenish spider*—Look at the picture, Helen. Obviously the same species. The only difference is the stripe on the legs. And listen to this, 'The bite, though painful, is not considered dangerous.'"

Helen leaned back in her chair. "What are you going to do, Joe? What's going through that head of yours?"

"Just a few ideas," Joe laughed. "Last night I worked hard. I sat up till daylight reading all about spiders. That's going to cost Old Man Thibault twenty thousand dollars."

"That's fantastic. How many natives could read that book? How many would believe it if they could?"

Joe leaned across the table. "Helen, I could end the panic as quickly as it started. That's a fact. I know all about spiders. There used to be a lot of nonsense about tarantulas, too. People got over it. I could do the same thing with this Green Killer, as they so picturesquely call it."

"How, Joe?"

"Ah-h. That's the twenty thousand dollar question."

"Have you spoken to Mr. Thibault yet?"

"Not yet. Let him sweat another twenty-four hours. Might help my price. Besides, I want to make one final check."

He paused and patted Helen's hand. "Caution first, that's the Verdock system. Then when you're sure, bet the limit."

"But what is it, Joe? What are you going to do?"

"To-morrow you'll know. Make an appointment for me, will you? Say 2 p.m. Just tell Thibault I want to see him, that's all."

AT two the next day Joe walked into the conference room looking very pleased with himself. He wore a starched linen suit and his thin hair was neatly brushed. His glasses sparkled.

"Verdock," Mr. Thibault said, "Helen tells me you've got some scheme that will end all this nonsense with the natives."

Very deliberately Joe placed his fingertips on the table. He surveyed the group—Mr. Thibault, Alex Wilson, Borell and Helen.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I have."

"Okay, shoot."

"Gentlemen," Joe began, "panic is a combination of fear and ignorance. In this case jungle superstition——"

"Get to the point," Mr. Thibault cut in.

"Yes, sir. This green spider is not dangerous. I know that for a fact. I can prove it to the natives."

"How?"

"In full view of the workmen I shall let one bite me."

It was fantastic. The men at the table leaned back and looked at one another. Joe must be mad. Helen let the pencil slip from her fingers.

"Man, you're crazy!" Mr. Thibault shouted. "What sort of darn-fool plan is that? Think of the risk you'd take——"

Joe waited patiently for him to finish his tirade. "Mr. Thibault," he said, "you have the unfortunate habit of underrating other peoples' intelligence. Do you think I would knowingly risk my life for your company? I'm not an idiot. I know precisely what I'm doing. I have studied this spider. Further, I have made an experiment. I am ready to proceed."

"What sort of experiment?" Mr. Thibault demanded.

"To put it bluntly, sir, that is entirely my business."

"Look here, Verdock, if you're trying to trick the men—trying to fool them into believing there's no danger——"

"Please, please," Joe interrupted. "Let's not have accusations. Send out for your own spider if you wish. To me it's immaterial. The point is I shall stand before the entire camp and let myself be bitten——"

He hesitated and smiled very deliberately at Mr. Thibault. "That is, for twenty thousand dollars I will."

Mr. Thibault spluttered. His blood pressure showed in his face. "Now I know you're crazy," he said.

Joe let him subside before he began his argument. He spoke convincingly. Spray equipment would cost several thousand dollars. It might arrive late, in which case another twelve thousand stems would rot hanging on the trees. The more fuss they made with spraying and dusting, the more convinced the men would be they faced death in the groves. "Get rid of their fear," Joe concluded. "One dramatic half hour and you are back to normal."

"But twenty thousand dollars," Thibault protested. "That's plain extortion. We've always treated you right, Verdock. Good salary. Bonuses——"

Joe's smile was wearing thin. "If you're probing for a soft spot, Mr. Thibault, you're wasting time. I give you one last concession. Write out the cheque for twenty thousand. Helen can hold it till the men go back to work."

With that he walked from the room.

IN the end Mr. Thibault yielded, as Joe knew he would. The cheque was placed in Helen's hands. A call went out for the men to assemble at the staff house. They were massed on the lawn in front of the veranda, four hundred-odd, the reapers, the loaders, "bit" planters, and new-ground crew.

It was Joe Verdock's hour of triumph. He stood on the steps of the staff house beside Helen and Borell. For the first time in his life he was glad he was small. Even insignificant. It made victory all the sweeter. He smoked a cigarette nonchalantly.

Alex Wilson made a preliminary speech in Spanish telling the men what was about to happen, what it would prove. He called the foremen from each group up to the steps to stand by as close witnesses. A glass jar with a spider inside was passed from hand to hand. Joe smiled as he saw the men recoil.

Would they be convinced if they saw the spider actually bite a man, Alex asked them.

"*Sí. Pero sin engaño.*" (Yes. But no tricks.)

"There will be no tricks," Alex assured them. Then all eyes turned to Joe Verdock. He filled his lungs and thrust out his narrow chest. He began to unbutton his shirt.

"Are you nervous, Joe?" Helen whispered.

"Not a bit. I feel fine."

"I don't get it," Borell said. "How can you be so sure?"

With Helen there, Joe couldn't resist the temptation. "You ought to know, you stupid ox. You helped me."

"You're crazy!"

"You furnished the guinea pig—the nearest thing to a human being."

"You mean—— Why you damned sneak! Did you use the Colonel?"

"Sh-h. Later——"

"Tell me, Joe! Did you?"

"Now don't get excited, Borell. He's all right."

"I ought to kick your teeth in! That monkey is everybody's friend."

"It didn't hurt him. I looked in the cage twice this morning. He's more lively than ever. Take a look for yourself."

Joe peeled off his shirt and stepped briskly before the crowd. There was a hush as he took the jar and unscrewed the lid. He turned it upside down against his flesh.

Helen turned away in disgust. "Come on, Borell," she said. "Let's take a look at the Colonel."

Borell opened the door of the cage. The monkey darted past him and made for the bougainvillea. They watched as it clambered down and scampered for the jungle.

"What happened?" Helen cried. "I thought the Colonel was afraid——"

"Wait a minute——" Borell said. "That's not the Colonel!"

He reached inside the tent and felt around in the straw. He brought the Colonel out tenderly. He was still alive, but his body was rigid. He couldn't move a muscle. Complete paralysis. . . .

END

The British Sunday (*Continued from page* 13)

B.B.C. actors in greasepaint are breaking the law, then hundreds of thousands of viewers are eagerly aiding and abetting.

The strange state of the British Sunday, 1951, stems from the days, three centuries and more ago, when religion was the only Sunday activity, ruling out both work and play. Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts allowed certain sports after Church service, but the Puritans in their turn reacted violently against such wickedness. The case of a sailor being put in the stocks for kissing his wife on a Sunday, on his return home after three years at sea, is typical of the extreme Sabbath bigotry of those times.

Englishmen under the Georges managed to break the Puritan spell, but in so doing many of them turned Sunday (*Continued on page* 64)

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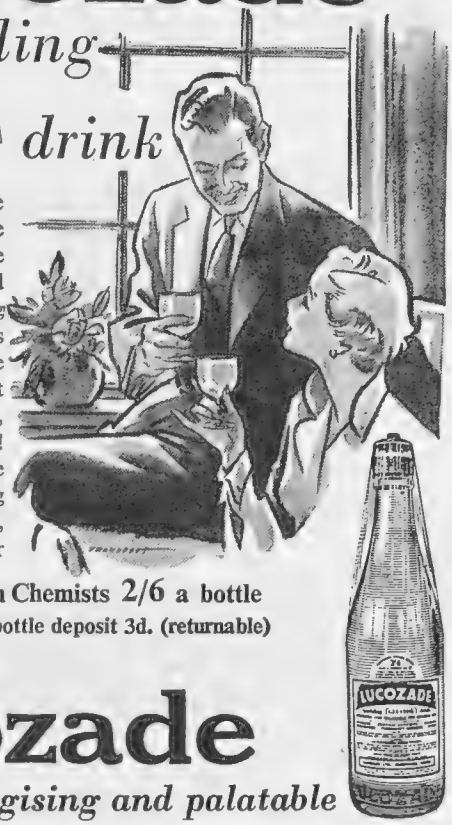

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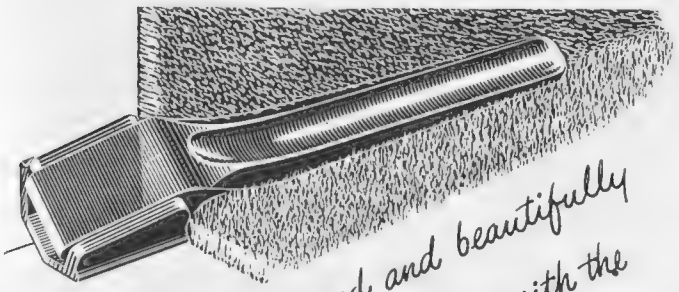

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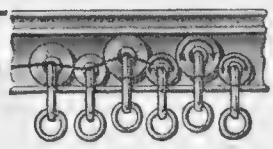

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into a twenty-four hour spree. A London Sunday, around 1750, was a day not conspicuous for Sabbath calm. In the streets, taverns and tea gardens, at cockfights, dances and theatrical shows, Londoners disported themselves from dawn to midnight. Some of their diversions were illegal (compare the state of affairs today), but nobody seemed to mind very much in those carefree times.

The Victorian era saw the pendulum swung back with a vengeance. Puritanism clamped down once more on the British Sunday and turned it into a day of gloom. To enjoy oneself was to invite damnation. Entertaining was taboo and strong efforts were made to ban Sunday rail travel. Sabbatarians tried to close Hyde Park, and the Archbishop of Canterbury persuaded Lord Palmerston to stop military bands playing in the parks.

In the fifties students could not even meditate publicly on art or archaeology, for the National Gallery and the British Museum shut their doors on Sundays. And in 1870 it was as sinful to read a novel as it was to play games.

In time the drearily domestic Victorian Sabbath went the way of the hectic Georgian Sunday. Since about 1880 the trend has been always towards more liberty, more scope for enjoyment and (on the whole) healthy recreation. Critics, when they want to be nasty, call our Sunday "Continental," which perhaps it is; though why a Continental Sunday, in which church-going plays its part, should be a bad thing is not explained. It may well be that church-going has declined more drastically here than on the maligned Continent.

To-day the British Sunday still suffers from the vicissitudes of its past and from those archaic laws that make it look a little ridiculous. To scrap these would help quite a lot. But about that Fun Fair—would it be such a bad thing to open it on Sundays? For in these gloomy days we should surely jump at any chance of adding to the gaiety of nations—no matter what the day of the week.

END

Sea Wolves Of The Far East

(*Continued from page 20*)

had little doubt what to expect.

Muskets and cutlasses were served out to all hands, and the rails manned in readiness for an attack at dusk; while a further impromptu but effective form of defence was devised in the shape of a plentiful sprinkling of broken glass on the decks, the material being furnished from some cases of bottled beer among the cargo.

When dusk fell the looked-for attack came. Three lorches, crowded with men and driven by long sweeps, put out from the land; and though their fire was returned with interest, their superiority in numbers was such that the *Etienne's* defenders retired into the rigging to await developments.

As the pirates swarmed on board, their howls of pain and surprise plainly showed the effect of the broken glass on their naked feet. But the pause thus caused was only temporary, and with renewed yells of rage they proceeded to storm the rigging.

The captain of the barque was in the mizzen top, with the ship's one passenger, a warder on leave from Hong Kong Prison, and the latter, as the pirates leapt into the shrouds, recognized in their leader a white man, a seaman named Kelly, who had escaped from his charge while serving a life sentence for murder.

Kelly's demand, "Where's the opium?" was met with a prompt "Get out, Kelly, or I'll shoot you!" and, evidently seeing that the defenders meant to fight to a finish, and that in the meantime help for them might be forthcoming, he called off his men in order to search the ship.

It was just then that a shot was heard, and the gunboat *Raccoon* was sighted rounding the point into the bay. The pirates tumbled pell-mell into their boats and pulled for their lives for the beach; but one was soon sunk by a shot, whereon the remainder promptly surrendered. The pirates' stronghold and the ships on shore were destroyed, and the renegade Kelly only escaped the gallows by dying of his wounds in Hong Kong while awaiting trial.

AT the entrance to the China Seas, round the coasts of the Malay States, Sarawak and Borneo, an even more ferocious and determined breed of sea robbers preyed upon peaceful shipping. The Sea Dyaks have always been noted for their skill and daring as seamen, and in their nimble prahus they were the terror of any luckless trader that came their way.

The inbred savagery of the Sea Dyak is exemplified by the custom prevailing among them in the 1860s, which demanded that a would-be bridegroom must own a number of human skulls to prove his manhood; and when times were peaceful or merchant ships scarce, impatient lovers took up the calling of the resurrection man, and made good the shortages in their qualifying collection by raiding the European cemetery.

The Dyaks' pirate craft were mostly prahus, long-ended boats with high poops and the typical double rudder; they carried about 100 fighting men, and were armed with heavy guns known as "lehlahs." The pirates were specially active along the coast of Sarawak, whose navy at that time consisted of one small sailing vessel, the *Jolly Bachelor*, which had more than one brisk brush with the prahu fleets to her credit. In 1861 the Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented Rajah Brooke with a steam yacht, the *Rainbow* of 80 tons, and this vessel, armed with some light guns, and possessing a fair turn of speed, was an effective addition to Sarawak's fighting forces.

Not long after her arrival out East, Sarawak was threatened with a mass attack by the pirates, and the *Rainbow*, with the *Jolly Bachelor* in company, sallied forth to give battle. Her company, of which only ten were Europeans, had only a few muskets among them, and their Malay krises; on the main deck there was one 12-pounder gun and a 4-pounder, while the *Jolly Bachelor*, with a crew of twenty-five men, had a few small 6-pounder brass guns and a couple of swivel-guns on the taffrail.

The force the British ships had to contend with was made up of six of the biggest and fastest prahus on the coast, manned by 600 fierce and desperate fighters, prepared to attempt capture by boarding. The *Rainbow*, nothing daunted, engaged the prahus at close quarters, and before the day ended had sunk the lot by ramming, thus freeing Sarawak from a serious menace and the surrounding waters of some of the worst of their scourges.

END

John Bull's Winter Colony

(*Continued from page 15*)

a mile down through a 500-foot drop, and it has been done in less than a minute.

Yet the Cresta is completely artificial. I happened to have seen the site of this formidable test first on a late's summer's day. The only snow was a few thousand feet above. In a gently winding gulley down from St. Moritz village the prospect was one of pasture-land and flowers, in a setting of larch and pine. Was this the dreaded Cresta? And just where? It looked like an Alpine lover's stoll.

But when January comes they begin banking up the run on lines generally admitted to be deadly, and the surface becomes entirely ice. Up at the top you see the lords of the Cresta—one of them now a real peer, Lord Brabazon of Tara, three times winner of the coveted Curzon Cup—dressed much as the gladiators of ancient Rome. They wear steel helmets, knee and arm protectors and there is an air of hectic excitement.

St. Moritz is perhaps the most celebrated of the colony's centres, as it is the highest of all resorts in the Upper Engadine. Certainly it is (perhaps because of it's great altitude, over 6,000 feet) the most exhilarating in several ways. By itself, St. Moritz is a simple village, where the ancient "romantic" language of "Romonsch" is spoken, and its sons are sent all over the world as Switzerland's finest pastry-cooks. Down by its big lake is a chalybeate spa, with a group of hotels unknown (because closed) to winter visitors.

Then come the first colonists around Christmas time. Jazz-bands and cocktail-shakers make their way up the long winding route from Coire, through tunnels, "torrents, pines and frightful precipices." Hotels open up dance rooms darkened for the past eight months. The magnificent pastry-shops increase their staffs—and prices. St. Moritz, which a few weeks ago was in bed by ten o'clock, is now alive till one, two and three in the morning. Presently, when the "international" crowd arrives it will be nearer seven or eight in the morning.

These "internationals" have dominated the scene since the war, although all the real sporting element is still largely English. They have the money, and usually include at least two Hollywood film actresses on a honeymoon, an Indian rajah or two, a handful of Central European princelings, and the customary mysterious Englishman, whose ability to spend ten or twenty pounds a day sets the honest colonist wondering.

St. Moritz is not typical of all the colony's little winter cities, but the routine for the day is largely the same for those who ever venture into the open air. (Some at St. Moritz are believed to be allergic to any form of outdoor sport.)

Up in the morning, with the Alpine sun streaming warmly into the bedroom, and the delicious black-currant jam with hot rolls; then off to the nursery ski-ing slopes—if one is a beginner. Back for lunch, then more ski-ing lessons or runs, and then tea with masses of whipped-cream, European crises or no, and then the long evenings which can be indulged in freely because the heights and atmosphere are almost hangover-proof.

John Bull's winter colony in the Alps has, since the war, suffered an upheaval, as have his more official colonies. The Swiss are quite frank in praying that normal conditions may be restored.

The limited export of currency was the inevitable first blow; then came devaluation in 1949, when the Swiss franc went from 17s. to 12s. to the £. In neighbouring, and now rival, Austria, on the other hand, it rose from 37s. to 72s. The Swiss tourist industry put its heads together. Something must be done. A plan was evolved—one of many ingenious one's in the industry's history. This year anyone who stays at the same hotel for a full fortnight can draw fifty Swiss francs (a little over £4) in cash if he likes. The cost is born partly by the hotel concerned and partly by his Government-assisted Association.

The English colonists may not, for the time being, occupy the best suites, nor be the most profligate customers at the bars or purchasers of magnums. But the general picture has not much altered.

Down at Victoria, these weeks, one can see the emigrants in the morning waiting to set off on the annual adventure by way of the Engadine Express. Then in the evening the return of the triumphant repatriates, faces tanned by the winter sun and those who are proudest have at least one arm in a sling.

If I might venture a personal note, one can also arrive back with a hangover of the greatest depression, from living for a time in the artificially stimulating atmosphere of four or five thousand feet, and then descending to the rheumatic dampness of John Bull's own island.

END

Whichever way you look at it . . .

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Man Alive! (*Continued from page* 12)

After the bottle had been uncorked and the glasses filled I talked across Rosa and the blonde to the other fellow, putting wary, random and probably fatuous questions about South America, and I don't know how long the embarrassing farce might have gone on if Rosa, pinching my thigh, hadn't suddenly turned to him, lifted her glass, and said:

"Well, here's to the celebrated Ivar Kreuger! Glad to meet you, Mr. Kreuger! You've been away from Europe a long, long time!"

I just exploded into my glass and spilled half the precious contents—I couldn't help it. There was champagne over my shirt front and trickling down my dinner-jacket. While I groped for my handkerchief Rosa, the she-devil, just went on smiling. As for "Mr. Kreuger," he bent forward slightly and frowned.

"*Who*, you said?"

"Ivar Kreuger," Rosa drawled, vastly enjoying the situation. "Don't you know the name?"

"But yes, of course." His frown deepened. "We read . . . many years, a long time. . . . It was in Paris, yes? The big man in matches. He killed himself . . . Everyone knows. . . ."

"Or thought he did," Rosa corrected. "But our friend here"—nudging me—"thinks it was all a fake—don't you?"

"Well," I said, "I . . . I. . . ." But I couldn't go on; it was all too embarrassing. Dammit, I thought, you don't spill the beans like that; you put out feelers, lead up to it gradually, diplomatically. I could have killed Rosa for the way she——

"So do be sensible and come clean about it, Mr. Kreuger," she was prattling on. "It will save so much trouble. He wants to be the first to give the world the great big story, and he's a good journalist. He'll give you a wonderful show—won't you?"—turning to me. She reached for the bottle. "Let me fill your glass, Mr. Kreuger. I guess you can do with it. In fact, we can all do with it. This is really a celebration. To the sensational return of Ivar Kreuger!"

The blonde, mystified by all this talk, took up her glass to join Rosa in the toast, then put it down again. "I don't get it," she said. "How can Mr. Gomez be Mr. Kreuger?" She was much too pretty to cope with the problem beyond that point.

"That's for him to say," Rosa retorted. "My friend here *knows* he's Mr. Kreuger—that's all there is to it. And he ought to know. He wrote a book about him."

The blonde turned to her partner and purred sweetly, stroking the shiny silk lapel of his dinner jacket: "*Are* you this dead man, darling?"

"But no, of course"—waving his hand in the air—"It is funny, of course. Me, Ivar Kreuger? It is very much funny. . . ."

"Because if you are," she said, changing her tone, "I get a mink coat. I don't know much about this Iver What's-his-name—he was a bit before my time—but he was rolling in money, wasn't he?"

"Right up to the crash, anyway," Rosa told her. "And he doesn't look like an overdraft at this minute, if you ask me."

The blonde clapped her hands, bounced on the banquette. "Then he *is*, and I get my mink. Goodie, goodie! Now it's a party. Can't we dance?"

Gallantly I escorted her to the floor, while the other fellow said "Permit me," to Rosa. She was certainly a dream to dance with. Fitted your rhythm perfectly. . . .

"So you're a journalist?" she said, swinging close.

"Sort of," I admitted.

"And you go about raking up dead men and writing about them?"

"Well. . . ."

"I think it's very nasty of you. Suppose Mr. Gomez was Mr. Kreuger. Fancy you raking up his sticky past just to make money, instead of letting things lie. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And dragging me into it, I suppose. . . ."

"Naturally," I said. "Your photograph would be in all the papers. You'd be world-famous!"

"I still think you're very nasty, but you don't dance badly. Who's the woman friend?"

"Oh, we've been buddies for a long time."

"I like her. She's amusing. Does she always help you with the dead men?"

"Not usually," I said. "And I wish to heaven she hadn't to-night!"

"Why?"

"You wouldn't understand."

I tried pumping her about this Gomez fellow, but how she met him, what she knew about him, she wouldn't say. Back at the table, I tried pumping him, too, but his responses were mostly shrugs. He was immensely amused at being taken for a dead financier—who wouldn't be? It developed into a real party. He ordered more champagne, and somewhere about two we parted on the best of terms. When at last I had Rosa to myself in the taxi I said:

"Why did you go and spring it like that?"

"You know how women hate uncertainty," she replied. "They do like to have things cut and dried and settled one way or the other. I knew that while you were dithering about this crazy Kreuger business our whole evening would be ruined, so I decided I'd bring it to a head."

"But we still don't *know*," I persisted. "Naturally he'd bluff. And now you've put him on his guard, ruined what might have been the ace story of my life."

"My dear man," she said softly, "can't you forget, just for five minutes, that you once wrote a stop-press book about Ivar Kreuger which didn't set the town alight, anyway?"

THE next morning I was back at my day-dreaming. This Gomez *was* Kreuger. If I didn't watch out he would slip through my fingers—and all through Rosa's tomfoolery. The dreaming now fairly ran away with me and took a wildly dramatic form. I had cornered him in his suite at the Continental, told him further bluffing was useless, *I knew he was Kreuger*. His suave manner suddenly changed. He whipped out a revolver, said, "*So!* And what if I *am*?" He was going to gag and bind me and lock me in the suite while he made his getaway to the Continent by plane. If I resisted he'd shoot me. I sprang at him, grappled with him. In the struggle the revolver went off. The hotel staff, attracted by the noise, rushed in. The police were called. He was eventually identified as the supposedly dead financier. I got in with my exclusive story, scooping the Press of the world. And *what* a story, what a peach of a story! Journalistic history! My name on everyone's lips. . . .

"Cut!" I mumbled, realizing it had gone far enough, then decided to look up the receptionist Wills and ask him more questions about Gomez, which got me no further. Next I had a word with Jules, the *maître*, who could only tell me that Gomez was always quiet and formal in the restaurant and specially fond of smoked salmon and *hors d'œuvres*, which I at once linked—significantly—with the Swedish passion for smörgasbord side-dishes. Finally I tailed along to the Argentine Embassy, where I drew a blank because evidently so many South Americans were named Gomez and they knew nothing particular about this one. Then I said to myself, thinking of Rosa: *Hell, I'm wasting my time!* and went back to my typewriter to tackle something less exasperating and forget about Gomez-Kreuger or whatever his real name might be. . . .

Just over a week later Felix handed me a letter addressed to the club. "I think it's for you," he said, "though the name's wrong." It bore the Paris postmark. On a sheet of paper with no address was written:

> Maybe you were not so wrong, but it is better you do not trouble about a man more happy to be dead and well forgot this long time I warn you. Now I have also much read the book you did write and for that also wish well to shoot you because it is lies about me but the party it was very nice so all wishes to the charming lady Rosa. Skaal! I.K.

Rosa was with me. I passed it to her with a triumphant "Read that!" When she had read it she murmured: "I.K.? I.K.?. . . ."

"Ivar Kreuger!" I snarled acidly. "Ivar Kreuger!" I almost shouted. "And"—stretching a point—"as far as I can recall from the letters and documents I studied for the book, it's near enough *his handwriting!*"

She looked at me as a mother might at a problem child. "Don't tell me," she laughed, "you're still dithering about that dead man!"

"*Dead man!* You still say——?"

"Of course! That Gomez guy is just pulling your leg."

I was a sad, sad man. Another world sensation gone west, another dream busted.

"You know," I growled as we reached our table, "women aren't at all romantic, really. They never dream of wonderful scoops—only of swell country houses with oodles of staff and horses and dogs and central heating."

"And now, I suppose," she clinched, "our chance of having one has gone for ever!"

"How right you are," I agreed.

"Well, in that case there's only one thing to do."

"What?"

"Dance!"

As we took the floor a jovial, tubby little man with Golders Green written all over him cannoned into us with his partner, turned, beamed an apology. Rosa stared after him.

"Don't stop," she whispered, "but do you see what——?"

"Meaning?"

"Well,"—solemnly—"isn't that fat little man Ivar—Ivar—you know, the one you wrote the book about?"

END

Money On The Side (*Continued from page* 48)

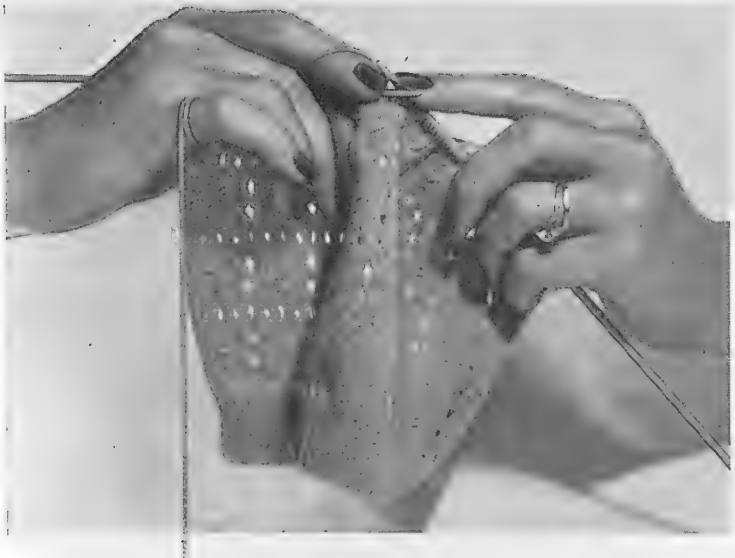
can be a very profitable job indeed, if you invest in one of the little machines with which you can make a hearth-rug in a matter of hours instead of months. The price is only round the pound mark—you'll soon recover that—and the gadget is very easy to use.

Of course, if you want to be really ambitious, and have the capital to spare, you can always set up a nappy or ordinary launderette with one of the automatic washing machines. It will take you a little while to recover the first cost, but you must remember that you've the use of the machine for yourself as well as for your sideline.

And, again, if you've the money and a little storage space—you can always bargain-hunt in junk and second-hand shops. I know a woman who buys everything she recognizes as useful, good value and in short supply whenever and wherever she sees it. And seldom does a visitor leave her house without having been sold something.

I don't seriously suggest that anyone should copy one man I know, but his example may be inspiring to others. He cultivates edible snails—he has a vine in his garden and snails are very fond of vines, so he started out with a big advantage. When they're the proper age and size he sells them to restaurants in the West End of London who like to have a tasty, French-sounding rarity on their menus.

END



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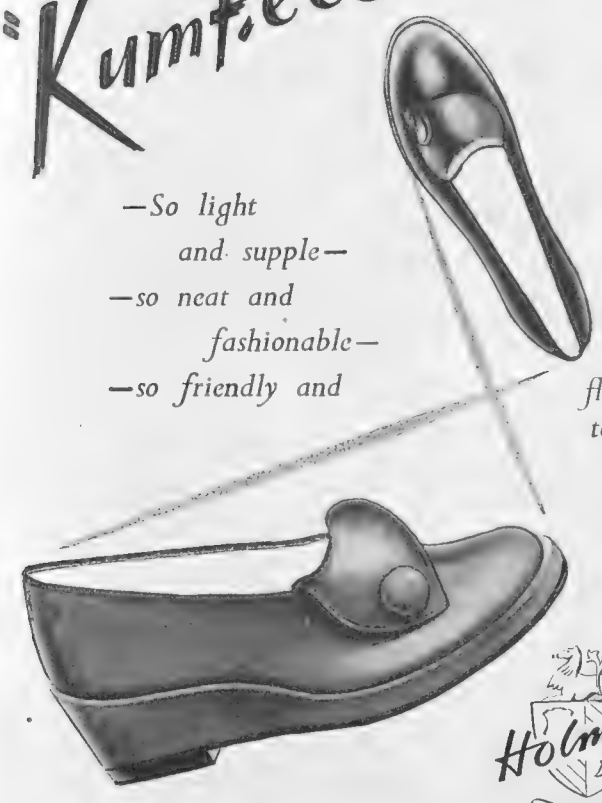

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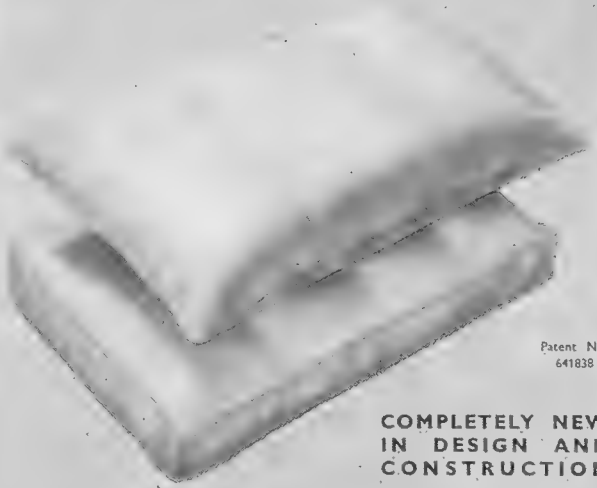

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Cuticura ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT

The Filled Neckline

(*Continued from page* 44)

12 times and on every following 6th row 11 times until there are 102 sts. on needle. Continue until work measures 17½ ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of every alternate row until there are 52 sts. on needle, then on every row until there are 20 sts. on needle. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off. Work second sleeve to match.

VEST

Cast on 66 sts. on No. 9 needles with 2-ply wool and work as follows: **1st row.**—K. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—K. **5th row.**—K., winding wool twice round needle before knitting each st. **6th row.**—K. Continue in this 6 row patt. until work measures 7 ins. **Next row.**—K. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. to last st., k. 1. Now continue in patt. for ½ in., casting off on 1st row of patt.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces well under a damp cloth but press vest very lightly indeed. Join shoulder seams. Set sleeves into armholes. Join side and sleeve seams. Catch vest to body of work ¾ in. from shoulder seams and also at bottom of neck. Join ribbon under neck at row of holes on vest and stitch down, then thread through holes (when jersey is worn, ribbon is pulled up and tied in bow). Sew pearls to edge of neck at regular intervals.

END

Pram Cover

(*Continued from page* 44)

8th row.—No more knobs, but looped sts. with 7 sts. in between.

10th row.—As 8th row but 5 sts. in between.

12th row.—As 8th row but 3 sts. in between.

13th row.—As 1st row, form knob in centre of 3 sts. between looped sts.

14th row.—As 2nd row.

15th row.—As 3rd row according to patt., forming knobs after 10 sts.

16th row.—As 4th row.

17th row.—As 1st row but 13 sts. before knob.

18th row.—As 6th row.

19th, 21st and 23rd rows.—K.

20th and 22nd rows.—As 8th and 10th rows.

24th row.—As 12th row.

Fancy patt. is worked 5 times (19 ins.). Then work 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th rows, then 6th row but without looped sts., knobs only. Work border with corner patt. in opposite manner; work 2 more rows, cast off. Without breaking wool crochet single crochet round edges.

END

At The Root Of It

(*Continued from page* 46)

stimulate the blood flow which feeds the hair root. This will prove the best treatment for all the common hair troubles—dryness, thinness, or over-oiliness.

Brushing the hair is in no way a substitute for scalp massage, and a woman who gives her hair the regulation one hundred strokes a day, may in fact be neglecting her hair if the brushing is not supplemented by massage. Scalp massage is directed at improving the *health* of the hair; brushing is concerned only with the *appearance* of the hair.

Brushing with a good bristle brush polishes the outer surface of the hair and imparts a sheen which cannot be obtained in any other way. The brush should never be stiffer than necessary to penetrate to the under layers of hair and the brushing should be done with light sweeping motions. The choice of hair brush should be given great consideration, remembering that for soft, fine hair the bristle should be softer than for thick, strong hair.

END

Rich And Warming

(*Continued from page* 51)

water and beat till smooth paste is formed. Crisp cornflakes in oven and roll into crumbs. When pudding is baked, turn out; spread top with date mixture, sprinkle with crushed flakes and serve with custard.

MINCEMEAT AND ORANGE ROLL

Ingredients: 8 oz. flour; 3 oz. suet; water to mix; 1 tin orange slices or segments of fresh oranges; pinch salt; mincemeat; mock cream.

Make a suet crust with flour, suet and pinch of salt and a little cold water. Roll pastry out in an oblong shape. Spread the surface with a good layer of mincemeat and lay orange slices on top; moisten edges with milk; roll up, turn in ends, making a short, fat roll; well grease and flour a pudding cloth; wrap roll in it and tie ends. Steam 2½ hours. Turn out, dredge thickly with icing sugar, have ready split almonds, roasted—stick quickly over roll and serve with thick mock cream.

JACK TAR'S CHERRY PUDDING

Ingredients: 2 oz. margarine; 4 oz. sugar; 1 egg; 6 oz. self-raising flour; small teaspoonful baking powder; 3 oz. glace cherries; ½ teaspoonful almond essence.

Cream margarine and sugar and beat in egg. Add baking powder to flour and beat well into mixture with just enough milk to make a stiff consistency, add chopped cherries reserving a few for decoration. Turn into well-greased pudding basin; tie up and steam 2 hours, serve with rum-flavoured sauce poured over and top decorated with cherries and split almonds.

END

Rescue Work For Rugs

(*Continued from page* 41)

required shade. Mix the dye with boiling water, then apply to the surface with a thick paintbrush, stamping in the dye so that the bristles penetrate to the roots of the pile. Again prevent the rug from becoming saturated, and hang to dry if practicable.

In deciding whether or not to dye rugs, always play for safety remembering that dark colours can never, under normal home circumstances, be dyed a lighter colour than they were originally. Light-toned carpets can be changed to dark ones, but with dark carpets be content to restore the original colour, rather than to alter it.

END

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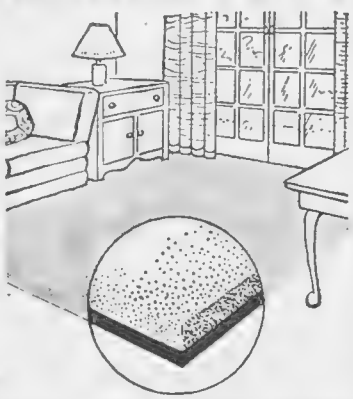

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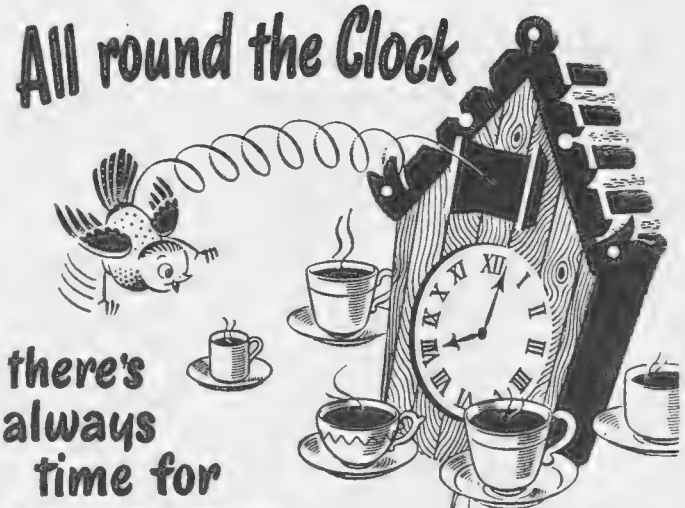

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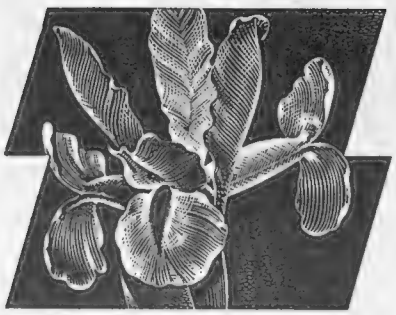

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A balanced laxative for effortless regularity

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Deep Sea Year

(*Continued from page 16*)

near Carthage. But a good substitute was a visit to the famous Oceanic and Hydrographic Museum on the tip of Monaco Rock, where is collected all the known flora and fauna of the Mediterranean sea-bed.

If the bathyscaph *de la Mairne* is really to be lowered to the deepest points, these will be found sixty nautical miles west of northern Sardinia (3,420 metres), 100 miles due north of Sicily, and sixty miles out from Toulon, where the depth is already 3,020 metres. But the impression I gained is that initial experimental plunges will be to much lesser depths. "There's quite enough there for them to see," said my somewhat sceptical Monégasque informant, who added, "if they can see it!"

WELL, this year's deep sea exploration won't depend solely on bathyscaphs—though a second, by the way, is announced by Mr. E. Sykes, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and chairman of the Research Centre Group. Mr. Sykes is still on the old Atlantis trail. He told a Torquay meeting that everything pointed to the existence of such a continent about fifteen thousand years ago. Deep-core borings in mid-Atlantic showed clearly that that part of the earth was then dry land, and this Fellow of the R.G.S. says he is going down in a bathysphere off the Azores this spring to look for traces.

Back to the Mediterranean and to a sea-bed survey carried out from a submarine. H.M. Submarine *Talent* served Cambridge University last year and may be on the job again in May, or a substitute vessel. Objectives are twofold. The Royal Navy's main interest is to help navigation by mapping the shape of the sea-bed. The slope of the sea towards the land in the Eastern Mediterranean often makes normal astronomical methods of navigation dangerously inaccurate. The scientists' interest is to chart the geological formations beneath the mud and silt on the sea bottom, and so delicate are the instruments used, that the movement of a surface craft would render the task impossible; hence the use of underwater craft.

But there's more in this Eastern "Med" survey than that: the methods used as the only ones capable of locating submarine oilfields. Latest experience has shown that undersea oilfields can be worked if the water above them is not too deep. Which explains why much of the survey so far has been carried out off Cyprus while oil interests have waited expectantly—the more so since Britain's Haifa oil supplies have been held up, and may be again and again.

Says a Cambridge scientist involved: "Our gravity testing apparatus, which cannot be used frequently enough to detect actual mineral deposits, will indicate the salt beds where petroleum is likely to be found." The customary praiseworthy caution, but now let's tie up this Mediterranean oil search with what goes on in the Channel. Let us board the good ship *Sabella*, about whose cruises in mid-Channel there has been speculation since it became known that Professor King, of the Pluto pipeline, has a habit of being around.

The *Sabella* has three scientific institutions working its propeller, and hands calloused and savant have been bringing up rod-like cores of rocks we've sailed above many a time and often. This rock substance interests the Admiralty's Department of Geodesy and Geophysics—and for why, one wonders? Can it be that they are thinking in terms of another Pluto or, maybe, of bringing in power from the European mainland? And you see how it ties up with *Talent's* meanderings off Cyprus? Supposing it were possible to tap oil on the sea-bed and deliver it direct by a Pluto pipeline? But there, doubtless, I am in the maritime equivalent of Mars!

Sabella has been having an interesting time in other directions. Extensions of the South Coast chalk have been found fifteen miles out in the Channel and far older pre-Cambrian rocks on a ridge near Eddystone Lighthouse. The work goes on. May we only hope that it does not tempt imaginative robbers to remove a length or two of cable from the Channel bed. After all, they've removed coffins from the British Museum, for the lead in them, and a missing length of sea-cable belonging to the Great Northern Cable Company, Denmark, has been found on a small island between Japan and Korea.

The cable used to link Nagasaki with Vladivostok, and the Japanese Telecommunication Ministry believe the length was probably stolen for sale on the black market. They had offered a reward of 2,000 dollars.

Yet it is possible enough for private enterprise to reap reward on the sea-bed while remaining within the law. Some pretty broad tales have been spread by divers off the Italian coast. One said he found vestiges of a sunken Pompeii. Such yarns may not unreasonably be linked with a desire to attract custom to the locality. But Sicilian fishermen of Giardini recently found in their nets an amphora filled with 160 ancient Greek coins. They hid the coins, but the son of one of the fishermen stole one of them and tried to sell it to a tourist, whereupon the authorities confiscated the lot. So not even what one finds in the briny is yours these days, not even if the find belonged (as in this case) to the earliest Greek colony in Sicily, Naxos.

When some other fishermen caught three Roman amphoræ in their nets off the small port of Albenga on the Italian Riviera, that led to regularized operations by the *Artiglio* which achieved fame by recovering the *Egypt's* gold, off Ushant, back in 1922. The belief was that the amphoræ came from the wreck of an ancient Roman cargo boat lying at a depth of 160 feet a mile off-shore, and, sure enough, divers of the *Artiglio* were not long in finding three rows of amphoræ lying half buried in the sand.

OVER in the New World they do these things with a super-modern air. Navy subsurface gliders, having the appearance of strange misshapen aircraft from another world, are being used for surveys of channel bottoms and other areas on the ocean floor. Observers sit inside these gliders like pilots in an airplane and manipulate controls which activate wing-shaped fins while the freaks are being towed by surface craft. Even TV comes into it. Underwater television cameras are now able to pick up views beneath the surface and relay them to screens aboard surface craft and even aircraft.

Such developments fit into the American Navy's preparations for the possibility of an undersea war fought by fleets of long-range submarines equipped with the Schnorkel breathing devices—or with even more advanced equipment permitting long undersea cruises without even a breathing tube on the surface.

But let's get back to more peaceful pursuits. To a one-man show, such as that put up by Austrian Dr. Hans Hass in the Red Sea. Dr. Hass had previously made remarkable films of shark-hunting underwater. Of his latest collection, he reports: "I took snaps with my own patented underwater flashlight right into the mouths of devil-rays, monsters ten to fifteen feet from fin to fin and weighing between two and three tons. I swam amid these giants, which it is safe to touch. Only when they smell blood do these creatures attack." But Hass was chiefly impressed (as they all are) by the strange beauty underseas. In coral banks over 100 feet below the surface were fantastic caverns, deep crevices, coral "woods," which gave the impression of "surrealist moon landscapes in wonderful soft colours."

Yet I've been coming much too near the surface for an article purporting to deal with deep sea year, so let's aboard the *Galathea* which is on a two-year voyage round the world, seeking out the profundities of the ocean.

This is a Danish (*Continued on page 72*)

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deep-sea expedition with something new about it. If the Danish Navy has provided ship and crew, the public has provided the funds which have come in small contributions from the man in the street. It is as if the latter had said for the first time to the scientists: "Yes, I'm interested. Here's the cash to prove it. Now you go out and find what you find. And don't forget to tell us all about it pronto, instead of spending years in laboratories when you return, before condescending to publish unintelligible material."

So the radio, the films and the Press are all represented on board. The Danish State Radio has commissioned fifty broadcasts during the two years, while between thirty and forty documentaries have been arranged for, and a mass of special articles by the scientists themselves.

Those aboard the *Galathea* are operating mainly with a 39,000-feet-long steel hawser which should ere this have touched bottom off the Philippines. To it are attached trawl and bottom-grab, hooks and mysterious-looking instruments.

The Danes are fortified by the knowledge that one of their compatriots solved a famous deep-sea mystery. It is commonly known that the European freshwater eel travels thousands of miles from eastern Europe to the Sargasso Sea in order to breed, but not so well known that it was the Danish scientist, Johannes Schmidt, who solved the problem of the eel's breeding-grounds.

Of what strange creatures may the *Galathea* have to tell, considering that a predecessor, the *Dana*, caught a larva of an unknown eel, which was 184 centimetres, or approximately five feet long! What price the old sea serpent if the fully-grown parent were caught by means of that close on seven-mile steel hawser?

END

Boy Or Girl? (*Continued from page 52*)

inherited factors which are individual to each one of us. These include the shape of the features, hair and eye colouring, skin texture and everything else which identifies us as being ourselves from the beginning to the end of our lives.

Some traits, both physical and temperamental, may lie dormant for several generations because the genes which carry these attributes are few in number and weak in nature. Dark-haired couples have mostly dark-haired children till one day, and quite accidentally, either the father or mother egg cell bearing the one odd "fair-ness factor" gene becomes fertilized. To the astonishment of relatives who, possibly, are unaware of any fair-haired ancestors, a beautiful infant with a golden mop arrives upon the scene. This example applies to every personal attribute and children born with some outstanding trait which has missed preceding generations are often spoken of as "throw-backs."

Biologists study these phenomena in animals and plants which reproduce themselves rapidly. In a relatively short time they can note the trends which occur in succeeding generations and then apply the laws of heredity to humans. Much valuable information is gained in this way, because Nature's pattern is very much the same in all forms of life. However hard we try, we shall never be able to alter fundamental elements like hair and skin colour, fingerprints and blood group. Nevertheless, there are certain conditions, acting both before and after birth which influence profoundly physique and temperament and these we can to some extent control.

It is illogical to expect our children to display all the characteristics we had hoped for them. We must accept the fact that the fertilized egg, though nothing more to begin with than a single unit, already holds the key to appearance, mind and soul of our child to be. All we can do is to help inborn attributes to flourish, do everything in our power to prevent stunting of the gifts inheritance has bestowed. If our infant is destined to be tall and musical, a healthy childhood will ensure his stature, musical training will ensure his talent. But if heredity had decided he is to be short and has given him a mathematical flair, nothing we can ever do, either before or after his birth will transform him into the tall young musical genius his parents desired.

END

You've Got To Put On A Show (*Continued from page 31*

"He's been hangin' round here often enough," said the shipper. "And every time I've passed him lately he's been whistling and swinging that persuader of his just as if he'd like to whack every head he passed just for the kick of being alive."

"Maybe it's all for the best then," said the other.

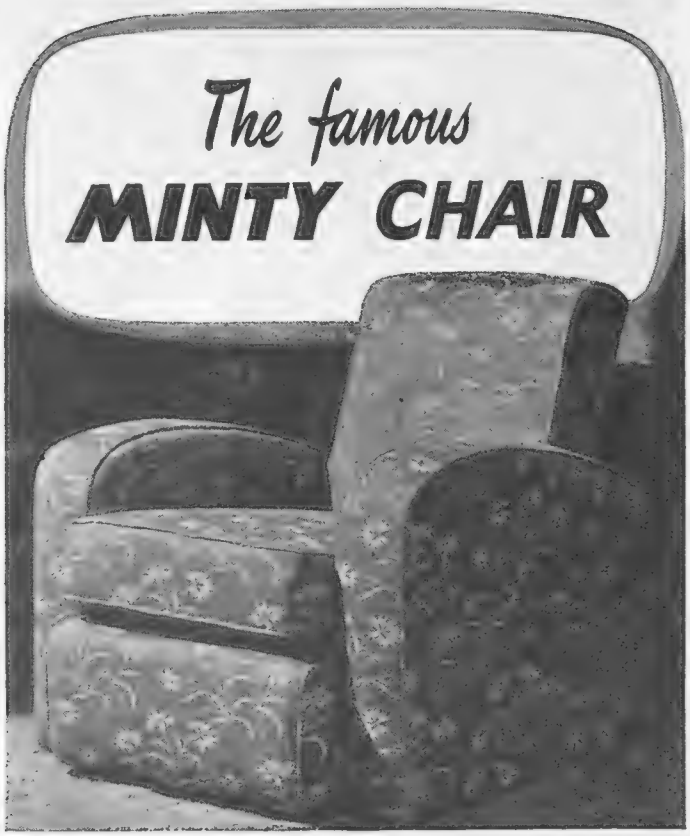
But it wasn't for the best. Macnair stayed away from the warehouse and Jenny was like a bottle of fizz gone flat, all the bubble had somehow gone out of her. It worried Mr. Patterson and he took her out to lunch to have a quiet talk to her. He took her to a little place on the fishmarket near the warehouse where there were a few tables outside during the nice weather. There they sat so that nobody could think Mr. Patterson was getting ideas which might be unpopular. Everybody was a bit sensitive about Jenny.

"Well, Jenny," said Mr. Patterson, looking at her over his spectacles, "you haven't been feeling so well these past few days. I hope it wasn't anything I said."

"No," said Jenny. "I guess I'm just homesick."

"Homesick?"

(*Continued on page 74*)



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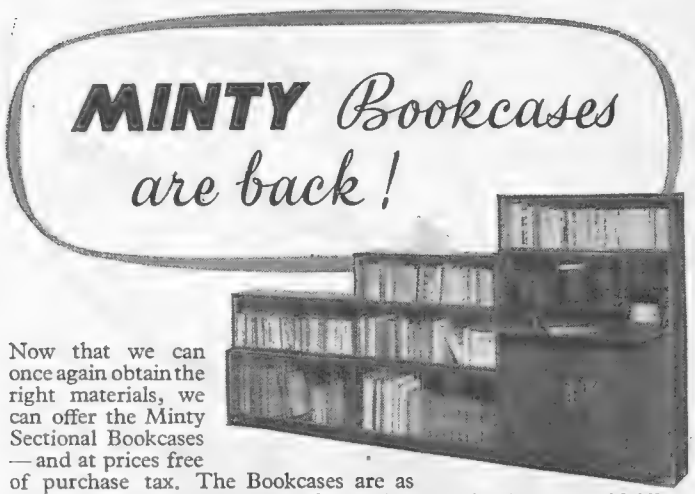

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You've Got To Put On A Show

Everybody knew Jenny's parents had been dead some years.

"Not in the way you mean," said Jenny. "I never had a home, not a real home. And when we'd pack up from some four-day stand we'd pull out at night and see all the houses lit up. You'd know that in every one of them there was a family living there. Then, when you got to the next stand, all the kids would tumble out to see the tents go up and you knew that all of them had just run out of some house where they had a father and mother and where they slept every night. And I used to say that was what I was going to get . . . a home and a man and a family. When I got it I was going to stay there for the rest of my life. But you can't get a home in the circus, not one that stays still more than a week at a time, and you can't meet the kind of man who wants to stay in one place. So I knew I had to start with a job in a place where the men didn't kick around from one end of the country to the other . . . and here I am . . . and that's the trouble."

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Patterson.

"It isn't working out the way I saw it."

Mr. Patterson was trying to think what next to say when Macnair came strolling by. It was the first time that Jenny and he had seen one another since the rope act and when Macnair saw who was sitting with whom he saw that Jenny was also the kind of girl who was cheap enough to try and snare an old widower for his money. Macnair had a character like a piece of granite which made it easy for him to suspect the worst in others. This was the reason he was good on the waterfront. It was the granite in him that had fascinated Jenny who had lived her life among the mercurial characters of the circus business.

When Macnair saw Jenny he stuck his nose up in the air and walked past as if he had seen nothing. This was more than Jenny could stand. She'd been hiding a touch-trigger temper under her gloom these past few days and it was just waiting to explode.

"If there is one cop worse than a dumb cop," she said loudly, "it is a blind cop!"

He turned like someone stung. He slapped his night stick on the table.

"A blind cop, is it? Better that than see a young girl disgracing her sex with the exhibition I saw."

Jenny jumped up and laughed in his face.

"You should have seen me in tights in the circus."

"I have seen worse than that this day," snapped Macnair. He glared at Mr. Patterson as if he were guilty of abducting a child. "And I am glad no daughter of mine will ever have to feel she had a mother who displayed her disgrace in public."

Mr. Patterson began to get up; he was getting nervous. But Jenny was furious with Macnair.

"Listen, you flat-footed missionary," she flung at Macnair. "No son of mine will ever have a father who needs his mind scrubbed before he can see the difference between people who want to make people happy and the people he shoves in the clink."

With that she turned her back on him and sat down. Mr. Patterson sat down again because he saw her eyes were wet. He waited while Macnair strode away like a thundercloud rolling over the horizon.

"So that was the trouble?" he asked.

Jenny nodded. "I went up the rope that day because I was so happy. He'd asked me that morning if I'd ever thought of getting married."

"Plenty of good fish in the sea," said Mr. Patterson dryly. He was relieved in a way because he did not want to look for another secretary.

When they got back to the warehouse the foreman accosted them.

"What are we going to do about that rope, Mr. Patterson?" He looked up where the rope still hung down from the roof.

"H'm," replied Mr. Patterson. "We'll need the fire-reel to get that down."

"I'll get it down for you," said Jenny.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," snapped Mr. Patterson.

THE week after that a ship put into port and from it, into Patterson's warehouse, came the trunks and properties of the circus acts returning from their engagement abroad. Jenny came running down from the office when she heard of it, and when the circus folk came in the next day to see their things were complete and safely in storage, Jenny flew into their arms and exchanged gossip and chattered like someone just coming back to life. She was so excited she could not keep still and when Mr. Patterson sent down for her she sent a message back to him saying she had quit and she was going back into the trapeze act.

"Well," said the foreman, looking up at the rope in the roof. "We'll have something to remember you by."

"No, you won't," laughed Jenny in her excitement. "I'm going up for it."

But this time she did not do as she did before. She did not tuck her skirts in her pants and she took the risk of the flapping garment as she ran and began clambering up the girders. The dress did not make it any easier for her.

Then she was up high in the roof with the troupers below like a lot of excited children shouting encouragement and applause to her. Mr. Patterson came running out, everybody stopped work to watch. Seeing them all below she could not resist an act. Instead of releasing the rope and letting it drop she swung down and came down the rope hand over hand. Then she put a leg lock on the rope, held on with one hand, and swung her other leg out so that the rope began to revolve. Quicker and quicker she speeded it until she was whirling round. The rope slowed and then with a quick kick she had sent it unwinding in the opposite direction. In the middle of it who should come in but Macnair to see what all the commotion was about.

The rope unwound and rewound and, with each change of turning, Jenny took a different pose until at last she (*Continued on page* 76)

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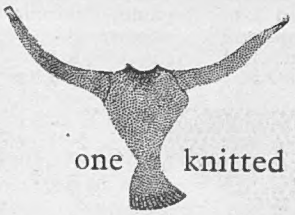

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stopped the turning with a professional knack.

The men expected her to do as she had done before, shin down to the end of the rope and swing it out until she could drop off. But there was no pile of soft bales this time and she swung above a hard concrete floor staring down at Macnair as if the sudden sight of his blue uniform had paralysed her. He was staring back up at the dress she had not tucked in her pants.

She knew now she had to climb all the way back up to untie the rope and to clamber back over the girders. But she was not in training and her hands had gone far too soft. She went up hand over hand but slower and slower until halfway up she had to stop. There was a gasp below as if everyone realized at that moment that she was too tired to go on.

Macnair roared into action.

"Hold it, Jenny," he roared. Then he shouted at the foreman. "A tarpaulin, the biggest you've got. Help him everyone and for the sake of heaven, hurry!"

He stared up at the small figure in the vault of that great shed. She seemed to slip a little and then grasp again but she was holding on against time with no power left in her hands.

The men below dragged feverishly at a tarpaulin. Macnair, stung to life out of his usual ponderous authority, snapped out orders to shippers, loaders, and Mr. Patterson himself, and all the circus crowd, girls as well as men, until he had the tarpaulin stretched tight and packed around with people.

Jenny slipped again and the rope must have burnt her hands for she began to fall.

"Hold it," roared Macnair, "for the love of Jenny, hold the tarpaulin."

Down she came, a turning, flying body in a fluttering green dress. A great intake of breath seemed to go up from everyone as she hurtled down to thump into the tarpaulin. It heaved away from the holders and then pulled back, but it had not hit the concrete and there was Jenny, sprawled on the tarpaulin but safe.

They lowered it gently, Macnair waved everybody back and strode on to it and picked her up in his arms. She had fainted. Her head hung back with her blonde hair falling loose and her white face looking like a child's asleep.

And there stood Macnair, his cap gone, his black hair angry and his eyes terrible.

"If she ever looks at a circus or touches a rope again, so help me, I'll baste her skin off her back!"

They all stood quiet and as they looked they knew the poor man must have been crazy with the love bottled up under that blue tunic. They watched him walk away carrying Jenny soft as a baby in his arms. By the time he had climbed the stair to the office they could all see how she had come to and how she had turned to cling to him with her arms around his neck.

"H'm!" said Mr. Patterson.

He could see Jenny with what she had been looking for all these past years, a fine steady man, a house with lights on at night, and children who would run romping out to see the circus tents going up.

"H'm!" he repeated. "Now I've got to find a new secretary."

"What about that rope?" asked his foreman. "We need it."

"Leave it up," said Mr. Patterson. "It'll teach us a lesson."

"What lesson?" snapped the foreman.

"H'm!" mused Mr. Patterson.

END

You've Got To Put On A Show

Books (*Continued from page 32*)

not ordinary women, you must understand. You, Celia, I; we'd all take prizes for hyperaesthesia!" The speaker is Madeleine, popular novelist, one of three sisters whose lives make the story. When the secretive Celia dies after a car smash the other two discover that she has a love-child at school. When they also discover the child's father certain perplexities in Catherine's home life are cleared up. **"A Flower for Catherine"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) has humour, pathos, drama and incise characterization.

IT looks as if the break-up of old county families may exercise novelists for some time to come. Like Robert Henriques and J. H. B. Peel, Dornford Yates makes it his theme in **"Lower Than Vermin"** (Ward, Lock, 10s. 6d.): the story of the fifth Earl of Ringwood and his sister, Lady Vivien, from their youth in the nineties to the present day, when they have had to give up one ancestral home, and another—the most-loved—is gulped by Town and Country Planning as part of a satellite town scheme. Mr. Yates salutes, in its passing, a traditional England—and writes a lively social saga in which "lower than vermin" are at times nearer the angels.

THE novelist tackling a Scriptural theme has to be careful of religious sensibilities. Victor MacClure, in **"A Certain Woman"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), identifies Mary Magdalene "not only with the woman who laved the feet of Jesus with repentant and loving tears . . . but with Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha and Lazarus," and presents his "Jesus-idea" almost solely in her view and thought. I don't think he need fear unfavourable reactions, for his story is in spirit sensitive as well as vivid, and her faith in Christ touchingly portrayed.

IN her climb to power as consort of Louis XIV Mme. de Maintenon had none of the physical advantages of her rivals Mme. de Montespan and Louise de la Vallière; but what she lacked in looks she more than compensated for in personality and intelligence which enabled her to triumph over court intrigue. Cicely Ashton-Jinks's bio-novel, **"The Rise of Francoise Scarron"** (Hammond, 9s. 6d.), evokes the woman, background and period in romantic style, with Catherine Voisin, child-slayer and sorceress, as sinister shadow.

"One stiff, reporting," says the River Police sergeant, tying up at Charing Cross pier with a body. And the search for the murderer of van der Meer in Nicolas Bentley's **"The Floating Dutchman"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) leads to a mews night club run by one Skinner, aided by an albino called Snow White, with lovely Rose Reed as a hostess and her drug-smoking brother in the band: a perfect set-up for slick, sophisticated dialogue as well as crookery. Mr. Bentley's technique makes this a thriller well over average.

"The Island of Capri was once a place to which only those persons travelled who wished to sin, or to survive having sinned," writes Phyllis Bottome in the first of her eighteen short stories, **"Fortune's Finger"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.). Two characters with a past seek to rid themselves of a third who arrives there knowing too much about them. But there is a twist neither they nor we expected. Slight plots suffice Miss Bottome, who is more concerned with character, background, and aims higher than the "typed" magazine story.

Fred Urquhart's **"The Last Sister and Other Stories"** (Methuen, 9s 6d.) are Scots from bonnet to sporran and packed with tough, tweedy character and humour, whether he is portraying a maid crazy on boys and film stars or a boy whose one thought at his mother's funeral is that his blamed watch has stopped. This kind of all-too-human story makes me want to board the next train north and lose myself in the pibroch glens. . . .

IT is to the Highlands that ballet dancer Summer Day goes in March Cost's **"The Bespoken Mile"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.), having inherited a wonderful house there from a rich young man who couldn't marry her on account of "the family." As chatelaine she is a social success, and marries another; but the rest of the story is on a mystical, occult plane in which love survives and triumphs over death. The serious artist in Miss Cost impels her to impose a Spinoza theme on a footlight romance, and one salutes her courage—wondering, at the same time, what some of Mr. Urquhart's braw folk would have made of it all. . . .

OTHER NOVELS

"Taste of Fears," by Margaret Millar (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"Fausta,"** by Philip John Stead (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); **"The Pink House,"** by Nelia Gardner White (Constable, 10s. 6d.); **"Figure It Out For Yourself,"** by James Hadley Chase (Robert Hale, 9s 6d.); **"The Business,"** by B. Montague Scott (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"I, My Ancestor,"** by Nancy Wilson Ross (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.); **"Morning for Mr. Prothero,"** by Jane Oliver (Hammond, Hammond, 9s. 6d.); **"An Inch of Tape,"** by Hugh Talbot (Wingate, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Iris," by N. Leslie Cave (Faber & Faber, 21s.); **"Hypnotism and the Power Within,"** by Dr. S. J. Van Pelt (Skeffington, 18s.); **"This I Remember,"** by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt (Hutchinson, 21s.); **"The Poker Game Complete,"** by George Coffin (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"The Spirit of London,"** by Paul Cohen Portheim (Batsford, 12s. 6d.); **"English Legends,"** by Henry Bett (Batsford, 12s. 6d.); **"Now Cook Me The Fish,"** by Margaret Butterworth (Country Life, 8s. 6d.).

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"The Little Birthday Horse," Hilda Boswell (Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.); **"The Little Fire Engine,"** Graham Greene, illustrated by Dorothy Craig (Max Parrish, 6s.); **"Frederic Chopin, Later Years"** Opal Wheeler, illustrated by Christine Price (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.); **"The Boys' Book of Adventure,"** edited by Eric Leyland (Evans, 10s. 6d.); **"The Miracle Tree,"** Primrose Cadogan, illustrated by Astrid Walford (Bles, 7s. 6d.); **"Six Cousins Again,"** Enid Blyton (Evans, 7s. 6d.); **"The Badgers of Quinion,"** Kathleen Mackenzie (Evans, 6s.).

END

A Tuscan Idyll (*Continued from page 24*)

for long were they at large. Hunted through the narrow byways of the city by Signoria guards and incensed mobs who would show them no mercy, they were cornered and slain or captured and summarily executed, only one or two escaping retribution through Lorenzo's clemency. No fouler crime had stained the stones of Medici Florence and its sacred church; no blow so terrible had stricken Lorenzo as the loss of the younger brother whom he deeply loved, for there was no rivalry between the two, only a staunch affection and loyalty.

History records that Giuliano de' Medici died on April 26, 1478, but perhaps all that mattered in him died two years previously when the soul of the fair, pale lady with whom he roamed the Tuscan hills melted into Lorenzo the Magnificent's bright particular star.

END

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